

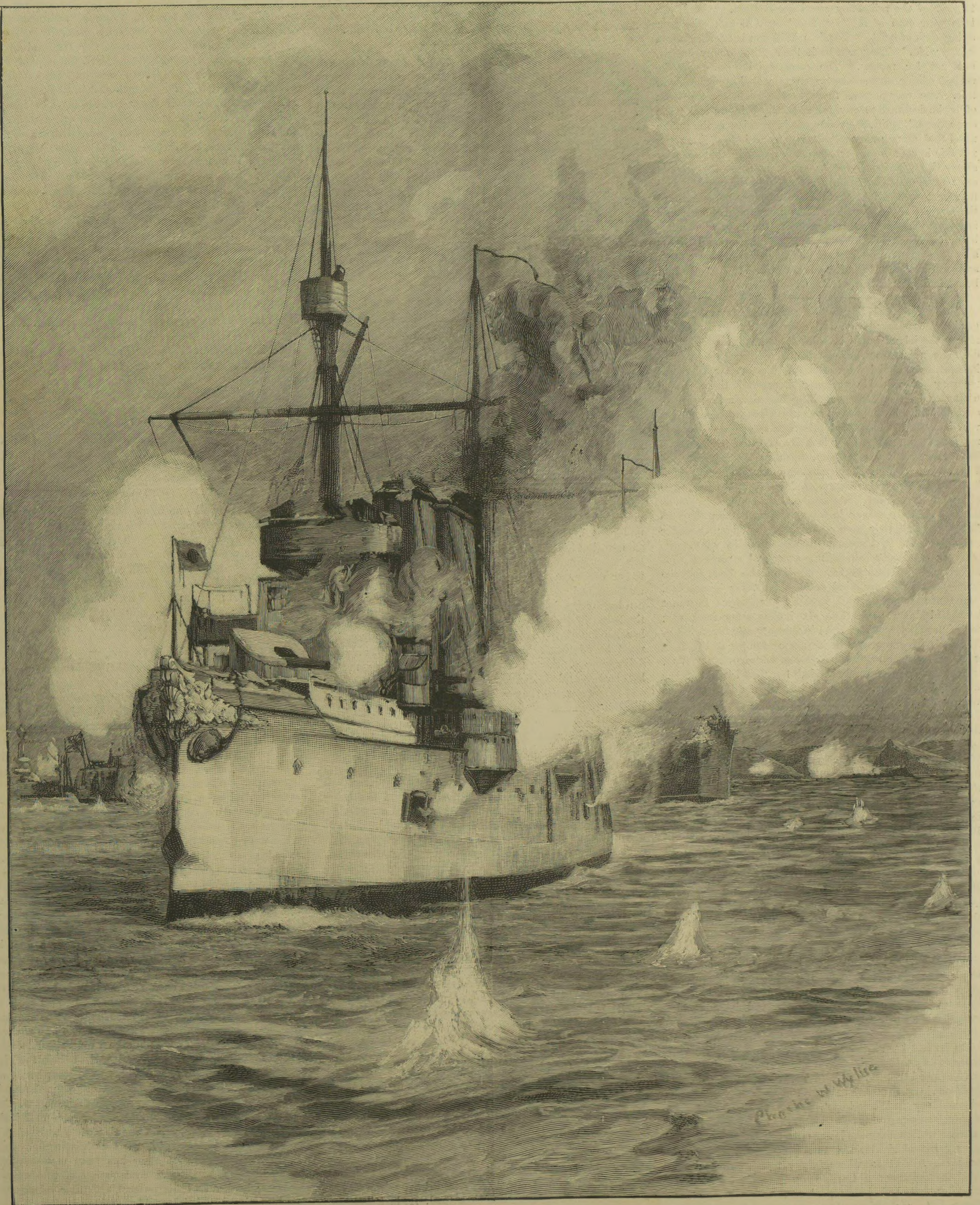
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE JAPANESE WAR-SHIP "YOSHINO."

THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA: NAVAL ATTACK ON THE FORTS AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

From a Sketch by Mr. E. J. Rosevere, on board H.M.S. "Mercury."



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A few weeks ago the papers were full of complaints from clergymen and ministers of religion respecting the stinginess of their congregations. Anathemas, directed against other people, they can sit and listen to unmoved, but what they cannot stand is what is commonly called a collection. They have listened to the service with exemplary attention, they have silently agreed with the preacher in his inculcation of benevolence; but when the churchwarden brings round the plate, they whisper to their friends, "Have you a threepenny-piece to lend me? I have nothing less than sixpence." The stories told by the ministers of their people exhibited such excessive meanness as seemed incredible, even to that wicked world that goes neither to church nor to chapel. It would really appear that some good folks' view of religion was similar to that of the schoolboy upon verification. "Will you take your oath of it?" "Yes." "Will you take your dying oath of it?" "Yes." "Will you bet a shilling on it?" "No." They will back their faith to any extent, but not for money. The commercial failure of the revised edition of the Scriptures was a striking example of this. The very persons to whom the Bible was the book of books declined to pay for what the printers call "the corrections." Still, there was an impression in the public mind that among very religious persons indeed there was not this love of lucre; it seemed impossible that side by side with enthusiasm—not to say fanaticism—there could exist a disinclination to put the hand into the pocket. And now we have the fact that before a collection is made at the services of the Salvation Army a stampede of the saints is only too common an occurrence. One poor woman has been actually knocked down and killed in one. It seems a sad business, from whatever point of view one looks at it, and suggests that if the churches were not free they would be far indeed from being full.

The "Lost and Found" correspondence would be as good a one as any that has blossomed in the silly season if only the jokers would have let it alone: they have cast discredit upon the whole affair, and deprived us of some interesting material for reflection. For, so far from the recovery of valuable property here and there under unexpected circumstances making one drink the wine of astonishment, it seems to me only a recompense, and a very insufficient one, for the things that have been lost and not found; and when I say lost, I mean that have escaped from view, as it would seem, from mere "cussedness." The treatise on the "Disappearance of Inanimate Objects" has, in fact, still to be written, and a very interesting page of human experience it will make. My own conviction is that not only are things lost much oftener than they are found, but that they have a faculty of disappearing under one's very nose that seems only explicable by witchcraft. One can imagine a coin rolling away and secreting itself for several generations in a crack in the floor, but the articles I have in my mind are not built for locomotion. Sometimes, for example, I lose my pen, which I cannot have laid down more than six inches away from me; sometimes a letter which I am in the very act of answering. After a fruitless search, which tries my temper and finds it wanting, I summon assistance. Some wiseacre says, "Well, it can't have gone without hands," but that is what it has done, and also legs. I find it best when a disappearance has thus taken place to admit it at once. "Some demon," I say in a tone that he can hear, "has taken my pen away. He has given himself a good deal of trouble for the purpose (as I am well aware) of inconveniencing me, but let me tell him, to no purpose. I am not going to look for the beastly thing, but shall simply take another." Then, as often as not, the pen reappears in the very place from which it had absented itself. I do not say this proves demoniacal influence, but it tends very strongly in that direction. When Disraeli first set eyes on Mr. Biggar in the House of Commons, he said to his *fidus Achates*, "What is that?" "That, Sir, is the hon. member for So-and-So." "Really!" replied the other, "I thought it was a leprechaun," which is a small but malignant species of Irish fairy. There are said to be many such among the pixies, and I have no doubt that some of them cross the Channel to annoy the English.

The Maoris, we have been lately told, by some excellent people who are given to finding good examples abroad and shocking ones at home, have no swear-words in their language. If a native of New Zealand becomes very excited, his strongest expressions, as applied to an adversary, are "dog" and "cat," though when driven beyond all limits he has been known to use the epithet "wild duck." These facts are brought forward to prove his high state of civilisation; but, after all, hard words break no bones, and the Maori is much more handy with his spear than would be tolerated, say, in Whitechapel. It is certain that the use of strong language acts as a safety-valve with a good many persons; while among the lower orders it is often used without any sort of significance to supplement a very limited vocabulary. To those who minister to the poor, this evil habit is sometimes a terrible obstacle: "I can stand anything but bad language," a dear good lady once observed to me, whose presence was as sunshine in many a shady place; yet she could hear a parrot

swear, and often did so in Ratcliffe Highway, without a shock. This want of logic was a serious drawback to her usefulness. For my part, I had rather be sworn at for a year than have a single spear thrown at me. If the tip comes off my cue at billiards or I drop my umbrella in the street, I am conscious from the looks of the bystanders that I have made use of an ejaculation; but still I sympathise with the delicate souls who shudder at a big, big D. One of the attributes of Prince Henry, son of James II., was an intolerance of bad language; even when a butcher's dog killed a deer that he was hunting, he said (when all his train was swearing at large), "There is nothing that is worth an oath." An excellent reproof to the user of swear-words was given by the learned and pious Dr. Desaguliers. At every oath the offender uttered he kept asking the Doctor's pardon; the latter bore it for a time with great patience, but at last observed: "Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous by your pointed apologies; but if God Almighty does not hear you, I assure you I will never tell Him."

Whatever excuse there may be for strong language, there is less for writing it; and though oaths are gone out of fashion, it is noticeable that in the modern novel the name of the Creator is constantly introduced. In "Middlemarch" we have a gentleman who always said "By God!" because he thought it showed his connection with the landed interest, but there is no such reason for its being put into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ* of some later writers. I have heard it said, though I know not with what truth, that whenever Thackeray came upon that expression in his editorial capacity he always put his pen through it.

It is not easy to write an interesting story with a secret when the secret is disclosed early, and he who accomplishes it proves that he has more than one of the gifts of the true novelist. He is like a well-equipped soldier whose chief weapon has been snatched away from him, but who has others in his belt. The plot of "The Unbidden Guest," which is that of false impersonation, is not a new one; there is something similar to it, if I remember right, in "Lord Lynn's Wife," for example, a novel now thirty years old, but the characters are all original. The tale is not so bright and gay as the same author's "Bride from the Bush," but it has more solid work in it, and convinces us that in the realm of fiction Mr. Hornung has "come to stay." Like his first work, it is a colonial story, but whereas in that he brought his heroine to England, in this one he has shipped her to Australia. Our Antipodean friends were rather angry with his account of "the Bride," though we of the old country were charmed with her; and it is, perhaps, with the recollection of that fact in view that he has now made his virtuous folks belong to the underworld. David Teesdale is an attractive old fellow enough, but his wife, who has no attraction, is a creation; her thoroughness and sense of duty almost reconcile us to her harshness and obstinacy. In one sense, that very undisciplined young person, "Missie," is a "caution"; one can hardly wonder that her hostess is not so civil to her as the laws of hospitality demand. But the author has made her his favourite, and we are compelled—sometimes, it must be admitted, in spite of ourselves—to forgive her delinquencies, though they comprehend singing music-hall ballads and skirt-dancing on a Sunday. A more fresh and pleasant novel than "The Unbidden Guest" it would be hard to find in the fiction of the year.

Although strange things are done in the name of Liberty, she is still very much esteemed by those who have lost her. "Stone walls do not a prison make" to persons of an exalted state of mind who go in for high thinking (and low living); but for the majority of mankind the being incarcerated, even for a short season, and as a first-class misdemeanant, is a very severe experience indeed. Just as when folks go out (especially for the first time) to fight a duel the sky (as we are told by the novelist) looks exceptionally bright to them, and the little birds cheep and twitter as they have never twittered before, so, when we are detained from freedom the outside world is invested with a thousand attractions, and we pine and yearn for sights and sounds that while we could have them fell almost unnoticed upon eye and ear. Indeed, we have only to read the records of escape from prison, the risks that have been run to accomplish it, the patience with which for years men have schemed and plotted for it, to be sure that liberty is to most of us only less dear than life itself. The extraordinary value attached to what is vulgarly called the "Have-his-carcase Act" is a sure proof how highly the right to be at large is esteemed by Englishmen. And yet, as it would seem from a recent example, a certain amount of culture, or at all events some vigour of mind, is necessary to the appreciation of even this humble privilege. At Braintree, the other day, two inmates of the Union Workhouse, Algar and Hutley, were convicted of assault and wilful damage, for which the one was sentenced to fourteen days' and the other to two months' imprisonment. By some mistake Hutley, the greater offender, was released at the end of a fortnight, and Algar retained in gaol for eleven more days, when the error was discovered. He had, it seems, a dim notion that his term was only for fourteen days, but he took the overtime in very good part, and when asked

what would compensate him for the extra incarceration replied "Three shillings." He was, however, given a pound, with which he expressed himself amply satisfied. One stands astonished at his moderation. Were ever eleven days of liberty bartered for so small a sum before? What a very different estimate he must have put upon it from that of De la Tude and Baron Trenck and Jack Sheppard! In very low natures it really seems that life, or the enjoyment of it, is only beer and skittles. It is noteworthy that Hutley took his unlooked-for luck in being let out when only a quarter of his sentence was exhausted with philosophy quite unalloyed with triumph, and as a characteristic corollary of this singular story it may be mentioned that both these able-bodied paupers are in the workhouse again!

To be content with life in a workhouse and indifferent to personal liberty seems (if it be not the highest philosophy) the lowest stage to which human nature is capable of sinking. The effect of captivity generally, when it is not too far extended, is to sharpen the wits and to cause men to make the most of what material for occupation they possess. The friendship with rats and mice and birds which they have occasionally established could never have taken place but for their captive position. The ingenuity and infinite toil with which they have manufactured this and that, with no instruments save those with which nature has provided them, are unrivalled outside prison walls. The marvellous means by which captives contrive to communicate with one another, in spite of all obstacles, are developed by their very position in natures which elsewhere would seem wholly incapable of such an effort. A recent visitor to a Scotch prison, well acquainted with telegraphy, informs us that he heard his arrival announced by the prisoners to one another by the telegraphic code as they were breaking stones (not rolling ones that gather no Morse). Conversation among them was similarly carried on by taps on their cell walls. It is probable, if Dumas had lived to the present time, that his *Château d'If* would have been more full of marvels even than it is.

It is said when folks have a difficult task to execute that they have got their work cut out for them; but the committee of the Aston Free Library cut out things for themselves. To begin with, they have substituted nice white slips of paper for the racing intelligence in the newspapers, and now they are addressing themselves to the question whether Smollett and Fielding should not be treated in a similar manner. I am afraid "Humphry Clinker" will, under these circumstances, resemble a gentleman who has been in a street fight, and has had a good deal of plastering from the surgeons. How amazing it is that excellent and well-meaning people should voluntarily undertake these expurgatorial literary duties! Where are they to begin with them? If Smollett is to be banned for coarse expressions, why not Shakspeare himself? For this sort of boycottism grows with what it feeds on. There are "vigilants" of free libraries in America who have denounced Longfellow. Authors are not only liable to be suspected by these self-appointed judges, but, like the victims in the Reign of Terror, to be "suspected of being suspect."

If Shakspeare could have applied to any passage in his works the observation used by Beau Brummel's valet to his master's neckcloth, "One of our failures," it would surely be to that oft-quoted inquiry of his "What's in a name?" If ever Homer nodded it was there. One may almost imagine that the Bard of Avon's *amour propre* must have been wounded by someone never having heard of William Shakspeare, that caused him to express such sentiments. Where would art be were it not for names? And in a less degree where would be literature? The name of the story-teller is half the battle, as regards the acceptability of his work, and the name of his story the other half. The names of his characters are not of so much consequence, but even these have their influence on the reader. I confess with shame that I am unable to appreciate at their true worth the merits of the Russian novelists for this ridiculous reason, that the names of their heroes and heroines are too sesquipedalian. I lose my interest in a lover whose name extends beyond five syllables: he is no longer a man but a monster of verbosity. Moreover, what is very curious, a name never seems in Russia to be shortened "for love and euphony"; nobody becomes Tom and Dick for what one may call domestic purposes. It is customary with the Northern novelists even to add the surname to the front name, so that the two together make a whole line of themselves. Would it be possible to take a romantic interest in the fortunes of Rigdumfunidos and Aldi—I can't spell it—Aldiborontiphoscophornio? What, on the other hand, will always prevent Chinese warriors from achieving fame with us Westerners is the ridiculous brevity of their names. The greatest general the Celestial nation ever produced had a name of two letters, Tn, which was absolutely unspeakable; the most you could make of it was a modified grunt. Their late Lord High Admiral Ting has been most unjustly degraded by the Emperor, in consequence of the Japanese successes; he has had his peacock's feather taken away from him; but how is it possible to weep with Ting? Such a name is too short to hang sentiment upon. It sounds like a jerk at a bell, which nobody answers.



## ECLOGUES OF ARCADY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

## I.—PROPHETIC AUTUMN.

The year used once to begin in March. That was simple and natural—to let it start on its course with the first warmer breath of returning spring. It begins now in January—which has nothing to recommend it. I am not sure that Nature does not show us it really begins on the first of October.

"October!" you cry, "when all is changing and dying! when trees shed their leaves, when creepers crimson, when summer singers desert our woods, when flowers grow scanty in field or hedgerow! What promise then of spring? What glad signs of a beginning?"

Even so things look at a superficial glance. Autumn, you would think, is the season of decay, of death, of dissolution, the end of all things, without hope or symbol of rejuvenescence. Yet look a little closer as you walk along the lanes, between the golden bracken, more glorious as it fades, and you will soon see that the cycle of the year's life begins much more truly in October than at any other date in the shifting twelvemonth you can easily fix for it. Then the round of one year's history draws to a beautiful close, while the round of another's is well on the way to its newest avatar.

Gaze hard at the alders by the side of this little brook in the valley, for example, or at the silvery-barked birches here on the wind-swept moorland. They have dropped their shivering leaves, all wan yellow on the ground, and the naked twigs now stand silhouetted delicately in Nature's etching against the pale grey-blue background. But what are those dainty little pendulous cylinders, brown and beaded with the mist, that hang in tiny clusters half-unnoticed on the branches? Those? Why, can't you guess? They are next April's catkins. Pick them off, and open one, and you will find inside it the wee yellowish-green stamens, already distinctly formed, and rich with the raw material of future golden pollen. The birch and the alder toiled, like La Fontaine's ant, through all the sunny summer, and laid by in their tissues the living stuff from which to produce next spring's fluffy catkins. But that they may lose no time when April comes round again, and may take advantage of the first sunshiny day with a fine breeze blowing for the dispersal of their pollen, they just form the hanging masses of tiny flowers beforehand, in the previous autumn, keep them waiting in stock, so to speak, through the depth of winter, and unfold them at once with the earliest hint of genial April weather. Observe, though, how tightly the flowerets are wrapped in the close-fitting scales, overlapping like Italian tiles to protect their tender tissues from the frost and snow; and how cleverly they are rolled up in their snug small cradles. As soon as spring breathes warm on them, however, the close valves will unfold, the short stamens will lengthen into hanging tassels, and the pollen will shake itself free on the friendly breezes, to be wafted on their wings to the sensitive surface of the female flowers.

Look again at the knobs which line the wand-like stems and boughs of the willows. Do you know what they are? Buds, you say; yes, leaves for next spring, ready-made in advance, and curled up in embryo, awaiting the summer. If you unfold them carefully with a needle and pocket-lens, you will find each miniature leaf is fully formed beforehand: the spring has even now begun by anticipation; it only waits for the sun to unfold and realise itself. Or see once more the big sticky buds on the twigs of the horse-chestnut, how tightly and well they protect the new leaves; and notice at the same time the quaint horseshoe scar, with marks as of nails, left where the old leaves have just now fallen off, the nails being, in point of fact, the relics of the vascular bundles. Death, says the old proverb, is the gate of life. "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!" No sooner is one summer fairly over than another summer begins to be, under the eyes of the observer.

To those among us who shrink with dread from the Stygian gloom of English winter, there is something most consoling in this cheerful idea of Prophetic Autumn—this sense that winter is but a temporary sleep, during which the life already formed and well on its way to flower and foliage just holds its breath awhile in expectation of warmer weather. Nay, more, the fresh young life of the new year has even begun in part to show itself already. Autumn, not spring, is the real season of seedlings. Cast your eyes on the bank by the roadside yonder, and what do you see? The ground is green with tiny baby plants of prickly cleavers and ivy-leaved veronica. The seeds fall from the mother-plant on the soil in August, sprout and germinate with the September rains, and have formed a thick carpet of springlike verdure by the middle of October. That is the common way with most of our wild annuals. Unlike so many pampered garden flowers, but like "fall"

wheat in cold climates, they sow themselves in autumn, come up boldly at once, straggle somehow through the winter, of course with enormous losses, and are ready by spring to welcome the first rays of returning sunshine.

Even the animals in like manner are busy with their domestic preparations for next summer. The foundress wasps, already fertilised by the autumn brood of drones, are retiring with their internal store of eggs to warm winter quarters, ready to lay and rear them in the earliest May weather. The dormouse is on the look-out for a snug hiding-place in the hazels. The caterpillars are spinning cocoons or encasing themselves in iridescent chrysalis shells, from which to emerge in April as full-fledged moths or gay cabbage butterflies. Everything is preparing for next summer's idyll. Winter is but a sleep, if even that; thank heaven, I see in autumn the "promise and potency" of all that makes June sweet or April vocal.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE MASTER OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

All the various conjectures as to the new Court appointment have been at last allayed by the formal



Photo by Jacquette, South Kensington.

LORD EDWARD WILLIAM PELHAM-CLINTON,  
NEW MASTER OF THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.

announcement of the Queen's choice—a selection which very rightly her Majesty alone controls. Lord Edward William Pelham-Clinton, who succeeds the late Sir John Cowell as Master of her Majesty's Household, is the second son of the fifth Duke of Newcastle. He was born Aug. 11, 1836, and was educated at Eton. It has almost been forgotten that he represented North Nottinghamshire in the Liberal interest from 1865 to 1868 (not as some papers state, from 1868 until 1885). He was appointed Groom-in-Waiting to the Queen thirteen years ago, and has made himself popular in Court and society. Lord Edward is a widower, having lost his wife, who was the third daughter of Sir W. E. Cradock Hartopp, Bart., in 1892. He entered the Rifle Brigade in 1854, became captain three years later, major in 1872, lieutenant-colonel in 1878, and he retired in 1880. Lord Edward is a Deputy Lieutenant for the county of Nottingham. He was lieutenant-colonel commanding the London Rifle Brigade from 1881 to 1890. He possesses that useful quality termed *savoir faire*, and may be expected to surmount the difficulties of his office with tact and talent. The Master of the Household probably commences his new duties in November. He has *ex officio* a residence in the Garter Tower at Windsor Castle, at Osborne, and at Buckingham Palace. It is considered probable that the post of Groom-in-Waiting, vacated by the appointment of Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton, will be filled by the eldest son of the late Master of the Household.

## THE WAR IN EASTERN ASIA.

No great battle has been fought at the seat of the Chino-Japanese War, but if there is any truth in the multifarious reports of its progress the complete disintegration of the Chinese military and naval power has already been effected. Indeed, it looks as if a break-up of the empire and the fall of the present dynasty were inevitable. Pekin is gravely disturbed—so much so that European settlers and representatives are in great danger, and will probably be compelled to seek refuge in the Treaty ports under cover of the guns of their war-ships. As to the precise way in which the military and social situation is working itself out, it is difficult to speak with certainty. Li Hung Chang is said to have been restored, after his earlier disgraces, to imperial favour, and to have been strongly supported by the Empress-Dowager, the Emperor's mother, and probably the real ruler of China. The state of the Chinese forces seems to have declined to sheer chaos. The troops are unarmed, and are raw levies, mutinous and brutal, committing outrages on the peasantry, and punished by wholesale executions. The Chinese flight from Ping-Yang is said to have been marked by murder and pillage, the Koreans being pitilessly butchered by the retreating troops. The men are robbed by the commissariat, which is hopelessly corrupt and inefficient, and it is doubtful whether anything in the nature of an organised fighting force is in front of the advancing Japanese. The interest of the war now concentrates itself on what the invaders are doing. The two most suggestive telegrams are those which report a landing of 25,000 Japanese soldiers on the coast of Shan-Tung, between the Yellow River and Tientsin. This, with the northern movement of the victorious army of Ping-Yang on Manchuria and Mukden, would seem to point to a simultaneous attack, converging from the north and the south, on Pekin. These tactics are condemned by Colonel Maurice as risky, but the weather is said to be ideally suited for operations, and the Japanese march well and quickly, and, like the Chinese soldiers, can live on a few spoonfuls of rice a day. The enthusiasm in Japan continues, and the spectacle of this Eastern nation fighting and manœuvring and organising with a *verve* and intelligence worthy of a first-class European war has sent a thrill of admiring wonder through the military world.

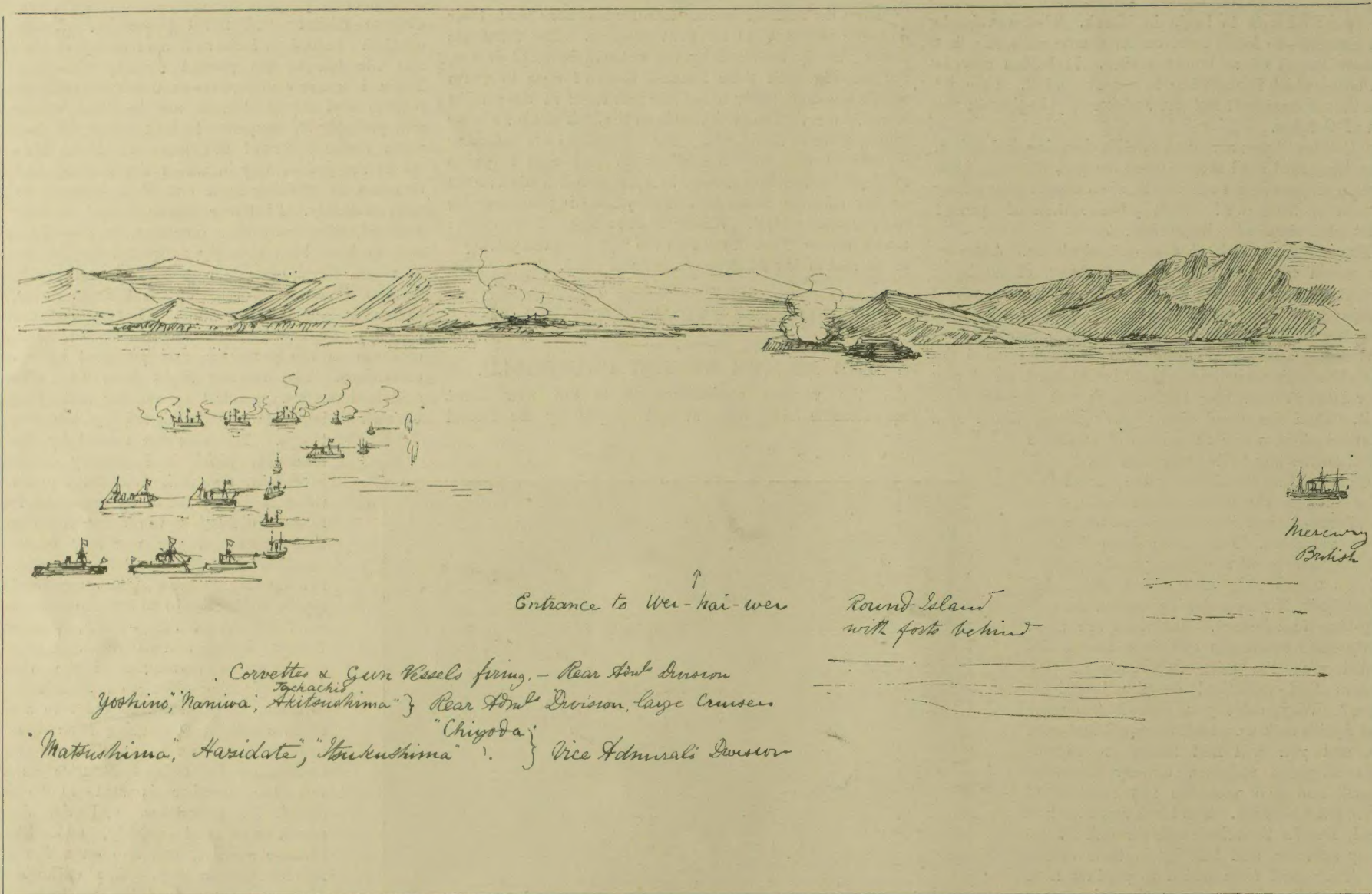
## THE FRANKFORT FOOTBALL TEAM.

We are now getting quite accustomed to the visits of foreign football teams. Last season we had the Stade Française and the Racing Club de France among us, not to mention a visit from a team of Dutch Association footballers. The latest foreign club which has favoured us with a visit is the Frankfort Club, which played the Blackheath Club on Sept. 29, and Mr. Alexander's team at Richmond on Oct. 1. The visitors were easily defeated in each match, but they showed themselves thorough sportsmen, and their merry "*Hoch! hoch! hoch!*" at the end of the game was given with great heartiness. The Frankfort team visited us in no spirit of rivalry, but rather for educational purposes. The Rugby game was, we believe, first introduced by some English students at Heidelberg University, and afterwards spread to the native population. The Frankfort team are as yet little more than novices in the finer points of the game, but so far as speed, dash, and pluck are concerned they leave nothing to be desired. If they had a few lessons in passing they would become a formidable eleven. Their tackling was very vigorous, but it was invariably too high. They should try to grip their man by the legs, not by the head or neck. H. Stasny, the Frankfort captain, is a fine specimen of an athlete. He was introduced at Richmond to H.R.H. the Duke of Teck, who along with Prince Alexander witnessed the match.

## NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL AT LEEDS.

The Duke and Duchess of York have this week opened the new Medical School which has been attached to the Yorkshire College at Leeds. The building presents, as our illustration shows, an imposing façade, and is a combination of all the modern improvements in the way of sanitation and convenience. The pathological department, with electrical theatre, is on the north-eastern ground-floor, while the physiological department and anatomy-rooms occupy the north wing of the ground-floor and the floor above. There are a library and museum, a board-room, and, of course, common rooms and a great dining-room. The cost of the school was £25,000, and the architect was Mr. W. H. Thorpe.





JAPANESE SHIPS ATTACKING THE FORTS AT WEI-HAI-WEI.

Facsimile of Sketch by Mr. E. J. Rosevere, of H.M.S. "Mercury."

P. Heil.

C. Reitz.

A. Conrad. C. Battenberg. R. Gerlach.

L. Stasny.

J. Berner.

J. Adler.

R. Motsch. H. Reitz.



A. Stockhausen.

O. Oesterlen.

H. Stasny (Captain).

F. Müller.

A. Schmierer.

THE FRANKFORT FOOTBALL TEAM, NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND.

From a Photograph by Symmons and Thiele, Chancery Lane.





THE GUIDING LIGHT.



## PERSONAL.

The selection of the Hon. George Turner to succeed Sir James Patterson as Premier of Victoria is another instance of the comparative ease with which a capable politician may come to the very front in Colonial public affairs. It was only at the far end of the last session of the Legislature that Mr. Turner even led the Opposition, and his Ministerial experience is limited to a short period as Commissioner of Customs in the Munro-Shiels Ministries a year or two ago. He is, perhaps, more a lawyer than a politician, but his profession has given him a remarkable grasp of detail, and the readiness with which he has brought together a fairly strong Ministry under very trying political circumstances is evidence enough of his influence and organising power. There is a preponderating legal element in his Cabinet, but that may be said of so many successful Colonial Cabinets that it is hardly a disparagement. Perhaps the best known of his Ministerial colleagues is Sir Frederick Sargood, the new Minister of Defence, to whose energy in previous Ministries Victoria owes in large measure the present organisation of her naval and military defence forces. It is worth noting that Sir Frederick left office in 1890 because he would not assent to the "one man one vote" principle. Another of Mr. Turner's colleagues, also a lawyer, is the eldest son of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

Little missives of a rather explosive character are still flying from Hawarden on the temperance question. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has written a final letter for his father, in which the ex-Premier declares that he still supports Local Option, but adheres to his earlier declarations that municipal drink-selling offers the largest and most hopeful method of dealing with the evils of the traffic. On the other hand, Sir William Harcourt declares, with his hands on his breast, that he will never, never desert Local Option. The difficulty, however, is that Mr. Gladstone's letter has taken the little steam out of the measure that it ever possessed, and it is now all but certain that it will not pass a second reading in the House of Commons, to say nothing of Committee.

An interesting and in every way excellent appointment has been made to the Chair of Logic and Metaphysics at



Photo by E. Pannell, Brighton.  
PROFESSOR D. G. RITCHIE.

St. Andrews. Professor Jones is going to Glasgow, and is succeeded by Mr. D. G. Ritchie, of Jesus College, Oxford. Mr. Ritchie belongs to the younger and advanced school of social and philosophic thinkers whose master was T. H. Green. Mr. Ritchie has done excellent controversial work in opposition

to Mr. Herbert Spencer's doctrine of *laissez-faire* as the main principle of the modern State, and he is a writer at once luminous and elegant as well as a thinker of real note. At St. Andrews he will have more leisure than a busy Oxford life allowed him, and we may look for further critical and original work at his hands.

The death of Sir Narcisse Belleau, which is announced from Quebec, snaps another link between old and new Canada. Since Sir John Macdonald, the chief among the "Fathers of Confederation," passed away, Canada has lost very many of her older statesmen, and the death of Sir Narcisse Belleau comes to remind us that among the many well-known men who united to bring the Canadian Provinces out of isolation Sir Charles Tupper, Canada's High Commissioner in this country; Sir Leonard Tilley, now living in retirement in New Brunswick; Sir Oliver Mowat, Premier of Ontario; and Sir Hector Langevin, and perhaps two others, alone remain. Sir Narcisse Belleau was never a very ardent politician; and that fact enabled him to play a very useful part at a time when inter-provincial jealousies and personal differences were the greatest obstacles to the federal movement. He was the last Premier of United Canada, now known as the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, and when the British North America Act passed into law, and Upper and Lower Canada took their place as members of the Canadian confederacy, nothing was more natural than that he should become the first Lieutenant-Governor of his native province of Quebec. He cared so little for politics, however, that, unlike many other Canadian public men, he declined a seat in the Senate at the end of his term of office.

The death of Madame Fürsch-Madi, which occurred at New Jersey, U.S.A., on Sept. 21, will have called to mind an artist associated not only with the closing seasons of the Gye régime at Covent Garden, but with the inauguration of Sir Augustus Harris's brilliant season of 1888 at that house. Madame Fürsch-Madi, who was by birth a Belgian, made her début at the Royal Italian Opera on May 9, 1881, as Valentina in "Les Huguenots," appearing as a substitute for Mdlle. Josephine de Reszke (elder sister of the famous tenor), who was unable, through indisposition, to sing. She met with decided success, and reappeared every season down to 1884, when, among other things, she undertook the part of Hilda in the first performance in London of M. Reyer's "Sigurd." The prima donna then went to America as a member of Mr. Mapleson's company, and did not return here until 1888, when, as already mentioned, she sang on the opening night of the season at Covent Garden, appearing as the heroine of Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." Subsequently Madame Fürsch-Madi recrossed the Atlantic, and settled down in the United States as a

teacher. She had a fine soprano voice, of genuine dramatic timbre, and to her capacity as a singer added histrionic gifts of no mean order. Altogether she was a sound, reliable artist.

Another member of the Liberal Churchmen's Union has been comfortably provided for by Lord Rosebery,

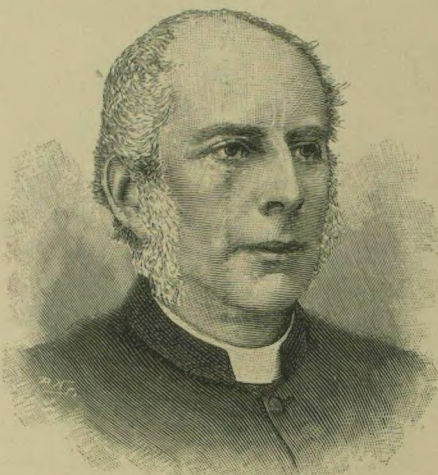


Photo by Samuel A. Walker.  
THE VERY REV. G. W. KITCHIN, D.D.  
The New Dean of Durham.

Deanery, and Dr. Kitchin's long and brilliant association with the University of Oxford will make him a decided acquisition to the northern seat of learning. He is believed to be in thorough sympathy with the movement which has marked the history of Durham University for the last few years of making its privileges and advantages more widely known and more easily accessible. His work as Censor of the unattached students at Oxford is a guarantee that he will take no narrow view of his new position.

Dr. Kitchin, who is now in his sixty-seventh year, is the son of an Ipswich incumbent, and his early education was received at the local Grammar School and King's College School. He went to Oxford and entered Christ Church, where he had a decidedly successful career. He became a Student of his college, and he took a double first in 1850. Among his contemporaries were the present Bishop of Lincoln and the present Bishop of Gibraltar (Dr. Sandford), whose Commissary Dr. Kitchin has been since 1874. In 1853—the year he took his M.A. degree—he was appointed Tutor of Christ Church, and two years later he succeeded to the head mastership of Wyldford School. But 1861 found him back again at Christ Church as Censor and Tutor. He became Proctor of the University in 1863, and in the same year received the honour of the appointment of tutor to the Crown Prince of Denmark. He also held other important University appointments, chief among them being that of Censor of non-collegiate students. He filled this post for fifteen years (1868-1883), during which time he revolutionised University life and made the "unattached" movement a success.

In 1883 Dr. Kitchin was nominated by his friend and political leader, Mr. Gladstone, to the Deanery of Winchester. His government of one of the most lovely of southern cathedrals leaves nothing to be desired, and augurs well for the transference of his energy and zeal to Durham. His keen antiquarian tastes found great scope in the work of cathedral restoration, and those who went to the celebrations last year in connection with the eighth centenary of Winchester Cathedral were charmed at the ideal beauty and thoroughness of the work. The Dean has a facile pen, and he has practised it to advantage during his tenure of the deanery. Perhaps the most enduring of his writings is his "History of France," which appeared originally in 1877, and is now in a second edition. The Dean-designate of Durham is a Broad Churchman, but his distinctive teaching is of a very moderate kind, and he will find no difficulty in working, on the one hand, with so pronounced and earnest an Evangelical as Canon Tristram (the senior member of the Chapter), and, on the other, with so decided an Anglican as Canon Body.

Mr. Henry Herman, who has lately passed away, and to whom we have referred, deserves notice for the variety



Photo by H. Yeo, Plymouth.  
THE LATE MR. HENRY HERMAN.

and intensity of the work he did both for literature and for the stage. As a novelist, he never achieved the fame which came to him as the result of his share in "The Silver King" and "Claudian"; but the number of the books he produced was extraordinary. They were nearly all readable; but it was rapid work, bearing traces of Mr. Herman's early career as a journalist in the United States. The deceased writer never made a fortune, though he was once or twice near doing so, and he must have earned very large sums in the course of his busy life. His early prospects as a newspaper proprietor were ruined by the Civil War.

The *World* publishes some rather queer gossip about the National Liberal Federation. It declares that Mr.

"Lulu" Harcourt, Sir William's very clever and adroit son, aspires to be the new and active head of the National Liberal Federation, in succession to poor Mr. Schnadhorst. It is also said that Mr. Harcourt's candidature will be vigorously backed by Sir William. The devotion between father and son is well known, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has no shrewder and more unwearied agent than "Lulu." But his succession to the control of the Liberal machine would be a serious matter in view of the rivalry between Sir William and the Prime Minister, and the rather open way in which the Chancellor encourages this not over-pleasant state of things.

Of the serious and lasting nature of Mr. Schnadhorst's illness, which has completely laid the old political organiser aside, there can be no doubt. Mr. Schnadhorst will never direct the Liberal machine from Parliament Street again. He has been in failing health for some time, and his long day's work is, we are afraid, done. Personally Mr. Schnadhorst in no way resembled the fancy portraits of him. He suffered from deafness, and this infirmity accentuated his quiet manner and soft low voice and method of address. His ear-trumpet and gold spectacles and very dark eyes made his personality a rather striking one. He was always a shrewd, tactful manager of men, methodical and business-like in his habits, and with a good deal of real political knowledge and experience. But he never aspired to be an autocrat. He wrote an excellent letter, and made an excellent speech.

Two young Welshmen have just started on a decidedly daring tour round the world. They are determined to walk as much of the long journey as possible, and to work their way along. Messrs. E. R. Loudon and Herbert G. Field set out with an enthusiastic belief in the possibility of accomplishing their adventurous task. They only know French, beyond their native tongue; they have but a slight acquaintance with any country outside of Great Britain; and they have no encouragement from their relatives in this matter. After walking through France they hope to skirt Northern Italy, and proceed into the Ottoman Empire. Their programme includes India, the United States, and Australia, and may take four or five years to carry out. Cyclists and travellers have before now thrown a girdle round the world with record-breaking speed; these young men do not attempt such emulation, but hope to do a far more striking thing by their independence and self-reliance. One cannot withhold a sympathetic interest from Messrs. Loudon and Field.

Professor Behring, of Halle, if newspaper reports from Vienna are correct, must have his name added to the list



PROFESSOR BEHRING.

of great benefactors of his kind. He is the inventor of what German physicians declare to be an "absolutely efficient" cure for the scourge of diphtheria. The method is inoculation with blood serum. The tests seem conclusive. Out of seventy-two diphtheria patients treated in Berlin with-

out the serum inoculation, twenty-five, or more than one in three, died. Out of seventy-eight treated with serum, only two, or one in thirty-nine, succumbed. The estimate is that in Austria and Germany the serum treatment will save a million and a half lives in ten years. The doctors want compulsory inoculation, and, if the accounts of the success of serum be correct, the mothers will probably want it.

Admiral Gervais, who has been offered, and has accepted, the command of the French Mediterranean fleet, was at one time the most talked-of Frenchman in Europe, for it was to him, as Commander of the French fleet which visited Cronstadt, that were addressed the Russian manifestations of friendship which led to the rumours of a Franco-Russian alliance. Admiral Gervais differs greatly from most latter-day celebrities: he has rarely, if ever, sat to a photographer, he has never been interviewed, and his public utterances are weighty, few and far between. While at the French Ministry of Marine he often worked twelve hours a day, and it was greatly owing to his energetic efforts that the French Navy is in its present fine condition. He made it a point to know personally every officer belonging to the fleet, and he has the royal gift of never forgetting a face. Some idea of the energy of the man may be gained by the statement that he has found time amid all his other work to learn to read and understand, if not to speak, something of English, Russian, German, and Italian. A passionate lover of the sea, he reads all that is published on the navies of the world, and has the patience to examine carefully the plans of any supposed new invention or scheme affecting the naval warfare of the future. It is said that being still more or less unfamiliar with the Mediterranean and French southern coast, he applied for his present post in order to remedy the omission.

Admiral Gervais's successor, Vice-Admiral Humann, first made his mark in the late Siamese War. He is said to be essentially a man of action; but although the appointment was expected in French naval circles, there is a general feeling that he is somewhat young and inexperienced for the important post he will now be called upon to fill.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen has been taking her usual daily drives in the neighbourhood of Balmoral. In the evenings her Majesty has been entertained by various instrumentalists, including Mr. Leo Stern and Mlle. Marie Dubois, both of whom have received gratifying marks of royal approbation.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family are the guests of the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Mar Lodge. On Sept. 28 there was a torchlight dance, in which about eighty Highlanders took part in their picturesque costume.

The Duke of York opened on Oct. 5 the new medical school connected with the Yorkshire College at Leeds.

Mr. Angus Sutherland, who has represented Sutherlandshire in the Liberal interest for some years, has been appointed Chairman of the Scottish Fishery Board.

The new Professor of Geometry at Gresham College commenced his lectures on Oct. 2. Mr. W. H. Wagstaff, M.A., selected "The Curvature of Plane Curves" as his subject, and treated it in a clear and interesting manner, which won the warm appreciation of a large audience.

The London County Council, after a holiday of two months—the longest which it has taken—re-assembled on Oct. 2.

The drought in Leicester has reached a critical position. The water which remains in the reservoirs is being economised with strictest care.

A Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the amalgamation of the City and the rest of London, and to devise a definite plan for that object, have issued their report, and a very startling and thorough-going document it is. Practically, it proposes to absorb all the great duties and functions of the City in a new Corporation, which is to stand for the whole of London, and which is the County Council with some slight changes in its functions. This body would celebrate the Lord Mayor's Day, and would take over the markets, the bridges, the Guildhall School of Music, and the City of London School from the control of the old Corporation. The City itself would be renamed as the Old City, and would have a Mayor of its own with a Council of seventy-two members. All the London vestries would have a similar dignity allotted to them, and the relations between the local bodies and the central authorities are to be drawn closer. The vital point of the Commissioners' proposals is that they regard London as one, and they insist that the City shall contribute to its unity. The report is very largely approved in the Press, both Unionist and Gladstonian, but the City regards it as confiscation, and is prepared to fight it, and any measure that may be based upon it, tooth and nail. Meanwhile, the City itself has provided something of a scandal in the shape of a contest for the Mayoralty: seniority entitles Sir Joseph Renals to the honour, but a section of the Liverymen were opposed to him on the ground that he had been identified with a number of unsuccessful companies. The grounds of opposition were not made very clear, and the movement was sprung upon Sir Joseph with some suddenness. In the end two names were proposed for the Mayoralty, that of Sir Joseph and a Mr. Faudel Phillips, both of whom have of course served as sheriffs. The majority seemed to favour Sir Joseph Renals, but Mr. Phillips also had supporters, and a poll was demanded. The election was held on Tuesday and resulted in the return of Sir Joseph Renals.

The chief matter of concern in Europe this week has been the health of the Czar. The alarming reports have at length concentrated themselves in a definite official statement, which is serious enough. Alexander III. is acknowledged to be suffering from nephritis, or kidney disease, and—this is further specified by other dispatches—of Bright's disease. It has been accompanied by a difficulty of breathing and by two apoplectic fits, the latter being very serious symptoms. As to the immediate future, the Czar has been ordered off to the warm climate of the Crimea, where he will winter, in company with his favourite son, the Grand Duke George, who has some consumption tendencies, and whose illness has greatly distressed his father. As to the course which the disease may run, things are more doubtful; with care, and without too severe work and too great mental anxiety, the Czar's life may be preserved for some years, but the tone of the doctors' reports, while cautious, is not at all sanguine, and as we usually hear the best rather than the worst about the health of royal personages, it is quite possible that Europe may be on the eve of the greatest personal change in her rulers which it is possible to imagine. However, the hopeful symptoms are the great strength of the Czar's constitution and his temperate life and his wonderful physique. His illness has caused a sympathetic feeling all over Europe, where Alexander the Third's position as a great guarantor of European peace is universally acknowledged.

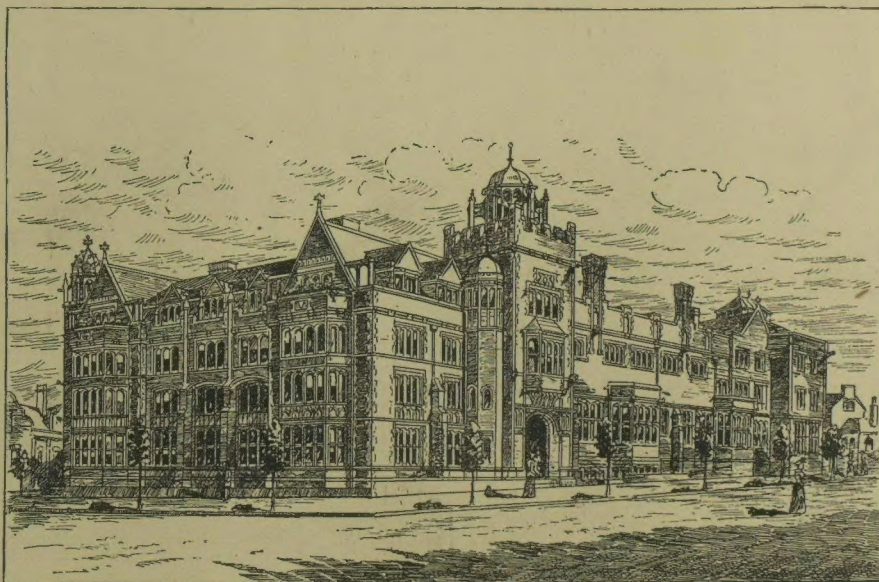
A rather serious feeling has developed in the last week or so between England and France. It has been provoked by the language of some irresponsible French journals like the *Soir* and the *Matin*, which have been

talking of war with England as inevitable, and it is also fostered by some provincial journals, which maintain a constantly hostile tone towards British people and British diplomacy. So serious has been this outburst of unfriendliness that it has been corrected, apparently at the instance of the French Foreign Office, by conciliatory



COUNT YAMAGATA, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE JAPANESE ARMY.

articles in the *Figaro* and the *Temps*, both of them responsible journals of high standing. These papers announce, apparently on direct authority, that the British Government is playing a friendly part towards France in the matter of Madagascar, and there is nothing in the Anglo-French relations, so far as Governments go, to provoke or to justify bad blood. A special cause of irritation among the French seems to have been the suggestion that in our recent naval manoeuvres some English newspapers specified the French as the enemy; French newspapers caught alarm and chose to regard the manoeuvres as the rehearsal of an attack on the French coast. "Behold what a great matter a little fire kindleth!" Meanwhile, a personal change in the relations between the two countries has taken place by the retirement of M. Decrais, as French Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; M. Decrais' retirement is his own act, and is due in part to reasons of health. His successor is the Baron de Courcel, who has been French Ambassador at Berlin, and who has presided with the utmost tact and ability over the Behring Sea Arbitration. Baron de Courcel is perhaps the most distinguished of modern French diplomatists; he is a man of fine manner, of long diplomatic training, and is a great linguist, speaking



THE NEW MEDICAL SCHOOL AT LEEDS.  
OPENED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

English almost as perfectly as his own tongue. Curiously enough, he is the pupil of the great Talleyrand, in whose train he paid his first visit to England. Young De Courcel was prime favourite with the old man, who always thought highly of his abilities, and his father actually drafted the old diplomatist's will. The new Ambassador is certain to be more popular here than his predecessor, who did not mix in English society with the freedom of M. Waddington.

## BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The world-famous triennial festival held at Birmingham—perhaps the most important musical event of the year in which it occurs—opened on Tuesday morning, Oct. 2, with the usual performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah." There are few gatherings which can afford to omit the noble work just named from the scheme, and this least of all, for it is Birmingham's proudest boast that Mendelssohn composed "Elijah" expressly for its festival, and himself conducted the first performance there in 1846. The executive material now brought together—for the fourth time since Dr. Hans Richter was appointed conductor in the place of the late Sir Michael Costa—seems to be in every respect calculated to sustain the prestige of the institution. Inasmuch, however, as we are unable to deal with the whole of the concerts in this notice, we shall defer actual criticism until after the conclusion of the festival. Whatever the verdict then, it is certain that nothing was left undone that could help in the smallest degree towards success. Rehearsals galore were held both in London and at Birmingham, and the only fear was lest the continuous labour of preparation day after day, until the very eve of the festival, should result in all-round fatigue just at the moment when freshness was most desirable. Better that a long way, though, than the happy-go-lucky proceedings recently noted in connection with the meeting of the Three Choirs.

The solo vocalists engaged were Madame Albani, Mrs. Henschel, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Marie Brema, Madame Marian McKenzie, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Iver McKay, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. Eugène Oudin, Mr. Brereton, and Mr. Henschel. The posts of organist and chorus-master were once more filled by Mr. C. W. Perkins and Mr. Stockley. The band consisted of 128 performers, including a splendid picked body of eighty-six strings, with Messrs. A. Burnett and E. Schiever at the leading violin desk. The choir comprised 102 sopranos, 89 altos, 88 tenors, and 89 basses, making in all 368 voices. The programme was replete with interest. Lovers of novelty had ample fare provided for them in Dr. Hubert Parry's oratorio, "King Saul," and Mr. Henschel's "Stabat Mater," both written expressly for the festival; added to which was a posthumous cantata, "The Swan and the Skylark," from the pen of the lamented Arthur Goring Thomas, orchestrated by Professor Villiers Stanford. Of recognised masterpieces, besides the "Elijah," the scheme contained such works as the "Messiah," Cherubini's Mass in D minor, Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang," Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," Beethoven's Choral Symphony, Berlioz's "Te Deum," the third part of Schumann's "Faust," and a veritable feast of symphonic and other instrumental items.

"King Saul" is a work that will unquestionably advance its composer's already exalted reputation. The subject is a fine one, and that its possibilities were not exhausted either by Handel or his librettist is here demonstrated to the full. Of course, Dr. Parry has written his own "book," constructing it, as usual, partly out of the Biblical text and partly with his own more or less metrical verse. Dividing his oratorio into four acts (each in turn subdivided into numerous scenes), he presents in dramatic sequence the principal incidents of Saul's gloomy career, from the time of his advent at Gilgal and anointment as King down to his visit to the Witch of Endor, and his subsequent defeat and death. The arrangement of these various episodes is extremely effective, and a tolerable amount of contrast is afforded by the love passages between David and Michal, to whom, by-the-way, is allotted not a little of the beautiful language uttered by the Shulamite and her Beloved in the "Song of Solomon." But what lends the new version of the old story most dramatic interest is the embodiment of the Evil Spirit by which it was Saul's ill-fortune to be periodically attended. That Israel's first King was not always naturally inclined to do the right thing everyone is aware; but whereas the Scriptures only faintly suggest how his soul was tempted to wrong-doing, Dr. Parry here depicts the actual working of the tremendous influence that shaped Saul's acts to evil ends. The effect is telling in the extreme, especially, for instance, at the end of the second act, just after David has killed Goliath, when the people shout, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands!" The question of the Evil Spirit, "What shall he have more but thy kingdom?" indicates perfectly how and when the seeds of hatred were first sown in Saul's mind. As to the music and its rendering, we must speak later on.

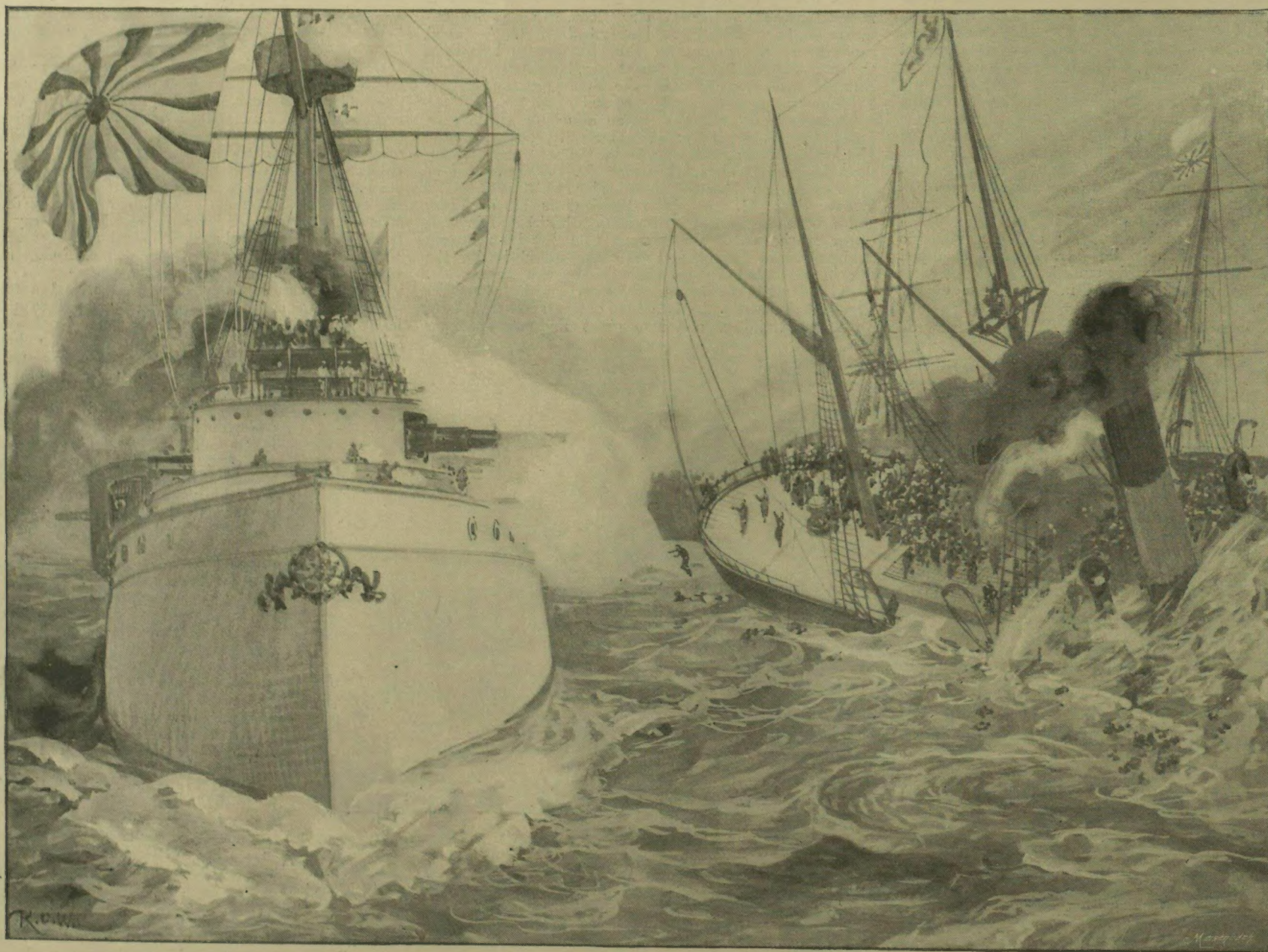
It is worth noting that the stanzas from Keats and Shelley, which serve as mottoes to Mrs. Hemans's poem "The Swan and the Skylark," are both utilised in the body of Goring Thomas's cantata. The verses beginning "A Grecian poet, I," set as a bass solo, and occurring in the midst of the introduction, are signed with the initials "J. S.," which it is safe to assume belong to Mr. Julian Sturgis. Thus it comes about that no fewer than four poets are responsible for the text of this posthumous work; while, seeing that Professor Stanford has had to furnish the instrumentation, two composers have been concerned in the setting.





AFTER THE BATTLE.

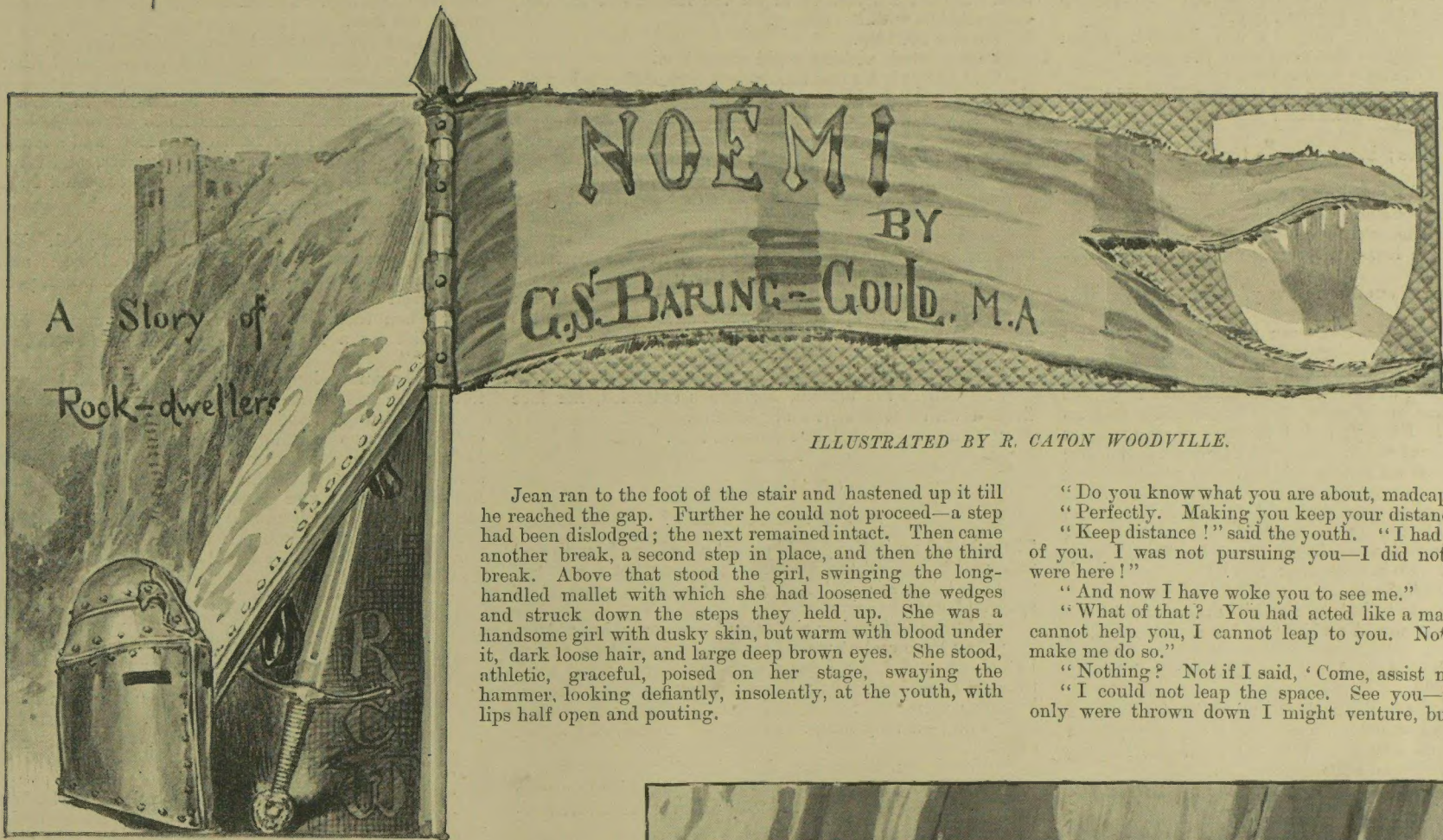
*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, from a Sketch by a Japanese Artist.*



SINKING OF THE CHINESE TROOP-SHIP "KOW-SHING" BY THE JAPANESE CRUISER "NANIWA KAN."

*From an Engraving in the "Tokyo Asahi," supplied by Mr. Arthur B. Brown.*





ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Jean ran to the foot of the stair and hastened up it till he reached the gap. Further he could not proceed—a step had been dislodged; the next remained intact. Then came another break, a second step in place, and then the third break. Above that stood the girl, swinging the long-handled mallet with which she had loosened the wedges and struck down the steps they held up. She was a handsome girl with dusky skin, but warm with blood under it, dark loose hair, and large deep brown eyes. She stood, athletic, graceful, poised on her stage, swaying the hammer, looking defiantly, insolently, at the youth, with lips half open and pouting.

"Do you know what you are about, madcap?" said he. "Perfectly. Making you keep your distance, fool." "Keep distance!" said the youth. "I had no thought of you. I was not pursuing you—I did not know you were here!"

"And now I have woken you to see me."

"What of that? You had acted like a mad thing. I cannot help you, I cannot leap to you. Nothing would make me do so."

"Nothing? Not if I said, 'Come, assist me down'?"

"I could not leap the space. See you—if one step only were thrown down I might venture, but not when

## CHAPTER I.

## THE STAIR PERILOUS.

**J**EAN DEL' PEYRA was standing scraping a staff to form a lance-shaft. The sun shone hot upon him, and at his feet lay his shadow as a blot.

He was too much engrossed in his work to look about him, till he heard a voice call from somewhere above his head—

"Out of the way, clown!"

Then there crashed down by him a log of wood that rolled to his feet and was followed by another piece.

Now only did Jean look up, and what he saw made him drop his half-finished shaft and forget it. What Jean saw was this: a girl at some distance above him on the face of the rock, swaying a long-handled hammer, with which she was striking at, and dislodging, the steps by which she had ascended, and by means of which alone could she return.

The cliff was of white limestone, or rather chalk, not such as Dover headlands are composed of, and which have given their name to Albion, but infinitely more compact and hard, though scarcely less white. The appearance of the stone was that of fine-grained white limestone. A modern geologist peering among its fossils would say it was chalk. But the period of this tale far antedates the hatching out of the first geologist.

The cliff was that of La Roque Gageac, that shoots up from the Dordogne to the height of 460 ft. above the river. The lower portion is, however, not perpendicular; it consists of a series of ledges and rapid inclines, on which stands clustered, clinging to the rock, the town of Gageac. But two-thirds of the height is not merely a sheer precipice, it overhangs. Half-way up this sheer precipice the weather has gnawed into the rock, where was a bed of softer stone, forming a horizontal cavern, open to the wind and rain, with a roof extending some 40 ft., unsupported, above the hard bed that served as floor.

At some time unknown a stair had been contrived in the face of the rock, to reach this terrace a hundred feet above the roofs of the houses below; and then a castle had been built in the cave, consisting of towers and guard-rooms, halls and kitchens; a well had been sunk in the heart of the mountain, and this impregnable fastness had been made into a habitation for man.

It could be reached in but one way, by the stair from below. It could not be reached from above, for the rock overhung the castle walls.

But the stair itself was a perilous path, and its construction a work of ingenuity. To make the position—the eagle nest in the rock—absolutely inaccessible to an enemy, the stair had been contrived so that it could be wrecked by those flying up it, with facility, and that thereby they might cut off possibility of pursuit.

The method adopted was this.

Holes had been bored into the rock-face in gradual ascent from the platform at the foot of the rock to the gate-tower of the castle, nestled on the platform in the precipice. In each such hole a balk or billet of wood was planted, sliced away below where it entered, and this end was then made fast by a wedge driven in under it. From each step, when once secured, that above it could next be made firm. To release the steps a tap from underneath sufficed to loosen the wedge and send it and the balk it supported clattering down.

And now the girl was striking away these steps. What was her purpose? Had she considered what she was doing? To destroy the means of ascent was easy enough; to replace it a labour exacting time and patience. Was she a fool? was she mad?

There was some method in her madness, for she had not knocked away a succession of steps, but two only, with one left in position between.

"Ware, fool!"

And down the face of the rock and clattering to his feet fell a third.

This was too much.



*She stood, athletic, graceful, poised on her stage, looking defiantly, insolently, at the youth.*



every alternate one between us is missing. To leap up were to ensure my fall at the next gap."

"I do not need your help. I can descend. I can spring from one step to the next over the gaps."

"And risk a fall and a broken neck?"

"Then there is one madcap the less in this world."

"For what have you done this?"

"A prank."

"A prank! Yes; but to replace the steps takes time and pains."

"I shall expend neither on them."

"It will give trouble to others."

"If it amuses me, what care I?"

The young man looked at the strange girl with perplexity.

"If every peg of wood were away," said she, "I could yet descend."

"How? Are you a bird—can you fly? Not a cat, not a squirrel could run up or down this rock."

"Fool! I should slip down by the rope. Do you not know that there is a windlass? Do you suppose they take their kegs of wine, their meat, their bread, their fuel up this spider stair? I tell you that there is a rope, and at the end of it a bar of wood. They let this down and bring up what they want affixed to the bar. At pleasure, any man may go up or down that way. Do you not see? It must be so. If they were fast and all the ladders were gone, how should they ever descend? Why, they could not mend the stairs from aloft. It must be done step by step from below. Do you see that, fool?"

"I see that perfectly."

"Very well; I have but to run up, make love to the custodian, and he would swing me down. There; it is easy done!"

"You had best cast down the hammer and let me replace the steps."

"I'll come down without them and without a rope. I can leap. If I cannot creep up as a cat, I can spring down like one—aye! and like a squirrel, too, from one lodging place to another. Stand back and see me."

"Stay!" said Jean. "Why run the risk when not needed?"

"Because I like the risk—it is pepper and mustard to my meat of life. Stand back, clown, or I will spring and strike you over—and down you go and crack your foolish pate."

"If I go—you go also—do you not see that?"

"Look aloft!" said the girl. "Up in that nest—when ever the English are about, up goes into it the Bishop of Sarlat, and he takes with him all his treasure, his gold cups and patens, his shrines for holy bones all set with gems, and his bags of coin. There he sits like an old grey owl, Towhit! towhee—towhit! towhee! and he looks out this way, that—to see where houses are burning and smoke rises; and when at night the whole world is bespoken with red fires—as the sky is with stars, where farms and homesteads are burning. And he says 'Towhit! towhee! I have my cups and my patens and my coin-bags, and my dear little holy bones, all safe here. Towhit! towhee! And best of all—I am safe—my unholy old bones also, whoo! whoo! whoo! Nobody can touch me—whoo! whoo! whoo!'"

"Is he there now?"

"No, he is not. There is no immediate danger. Only a few as guard, that is all. If I were a man, I'd take the place and smoke the old owl out, and rob him of his plunder. I'd keep the shrines, and throw the holy rubbish away!"

"How would you do that?"

"I have been considering. I'd be let down over the edge of the cliff and throw in fireballs, till I had set the castle blazing."

"And then?"

"Then I'd have grappling-irons and crook them to the walls, and swing in under the ledge, and leap on the top of the battlements, and the place would fall. I'd cast the old bishop out if he would not go, and carry off all his cups and shrines and coin."

"It would be sacrilege!"

"Bah! What care I?" Then, after enjoying the astonishment of the lad, she said: "With two or three bold spirits it might be done. Will you join me? Be my mate, and we will divide the plunder." She burst into a merry laugh. "It would be sport to smoke out the old owl and send him flying down through the air, blinking and towheeing, to break his wings, or his neck, or his crown there—on those stones below."

"I'm not English—I'm no brigand!" answered the young man vehemently.

"I'm English!" said the girl.

"What? An English woman or devil?"

"I'm English—I'm Gascon. I'm anything where there is diversion to be got and plunder to be obtained. Oh, but we live in good times! Deliver me from others where there is nothing doing, no sport, no *chevauchée*\* no spoil, no fighting."

Then suddenly she threw away the hammer and spread her arms as might a bird preparing to fly, bent her lithe form as might a cricket to leap.

"Stand aside! Go back! Ware, I am coming!"

The lad hastily beat a retreat down the steps. He could do no other. Each step was but two feet in length from the rock. There was no handrail; no two persons could pass on it. Moreover, the impetus of the girl, if she leaped from one foothold to the next, and the next, and then again to the stair where undamaged, would be prodigious; she would require the way clear that she might descend bounding, swinging down the steep flight, two stages at a leap, till she reached the bottom. An obstruction would be fatal to her, and fatal to him who stood in her way.

No word of caution, no dissuasion was of avail. In her attitude, in the flash of her eyes, in the tone of her voice, in the thrill that went through her agile frame, Jean saw that the leap was inevitable. He therefore hastened to descend, and when he reached the bottom, turned to see her bound.

He held his breath. The blood in his arteries stood

still. He set his teeth, and all the muscles of his body contracted as with the cramp.

He saw her leap.

Once started, nothing could arrest her.

On her left hand was the smooth face of the rock, without even a blade of grass, a harebell, a tuft of juniper growing out of it. On her right was void. If she tripped, if she missed her perch, if she miscalculated her weight, if she lost confidence for one instant, if her nerve gave way in the slightest, if she was not true of eye, nimble of foot, certain in judging distance, then she would shoot down just as had the logs she had cast below.

As certainly as he saw her fall would Jean spring forward in the vain hope of breaking her fall, as certainly to be struck down and perish with her.

One—a whirl before his eyes. As well calculate her leaps as count the spokes in a wheel as it revolves on the road.

One—two—three—thirty—a thousand—nothing!

"There, clown!"

She was at the bottom, her hands extended, her face flushed with excitement and pleasure.

"You see—what I can dare and do."

## CHAPTER II.

### WHO IS THE FOOL NOW?

There boiled up in the youth's heart a feeling of wrath and indignation against the girl who in sheer wantonness had imperilled her life and had given to him a moment of spasm of apprehension.

Looking full into her glittering brown eyes, he said—

"You have cast at me ill names. I have been to you but clown and fool; I have done nothing to merit such titles; I should never have thrown a thought away on you, but have gone on scraping my shaft, had not you done a silly thing—a silly thing. Acted like a fool, and a fool only!"

"You dare not do what I have done."

"If there be a need I will do it. If I do it for a purpose there is no folly in it. That is folly when there is recklessness for no purpose."

"I had a purpose!"

"A purpose?—what? To call my attention to you, to make me admire your daring, all to no end. Or was it in mere inconsiderate prank? A man is not brave merely because he is so stupid that he does not see the consequences before him. A blind man may walk where I should shrink from treading. And stupidity blinds some eyes that they run into danger and neither see nor care for the danger or for the consequences that will ensue on their rashness."

The girl flushed with anger.

"I am not accustomed to be spoken to thus," she said, and stamped her foot on the pavement of the platform.

"All the better for you that it is spoken at last."

"And who are you that dare say it?"

"I—I am Jean del' Peyra."

The girl laughed contemptuously. "I never heard the name."

"I have told you my name, what is yours?" asked the boy, and he picked up his staff and began once more to point it.

There was indifference in his tone, indifference in the act, that exasperated the girl.

"You do not care—I will not say."

"No," he answered, scraping leisurely at the wood. "I do not greatly care. Why should I? You have shown me to-day that you do not value yourself, and you do not suppose, then, that I can esteem one who does not esteem herself."

"You dare say that!" The girl flared into fury. She stooped to pick up the hammer. Jean put his foot on it.

"No," said he. "You would use that, I suppose, to knock out my brains, because I show you no homage, because I say that you have acted as a fool, that your bravery is that of a fool, that your thoughts—aye, your thoughts of plunder and murder against the Bishop of Sarlat, your old owl—towhit, towhee! are the thoughts of a fool. No—I do not care for the name of a fool."

"Why did you run up the steps? Why did you cry to me to desist from knocking out the posts? Why concern yourself a mite about me, if you so despise me?" gasped the girl, and it seemed as though the words shot like flames from her lips.

"Because we are of like blood—that is all!" answered Jean, coolly.

"Like blood! Hear him—hear him! He and I—he—he and I of like blood, and he a del' Peyra! And I—I am Noémi!"

"So—Noémi! That is your name?"

"And I," continued the girl in her raging wrath, "I learn this—I am the child of Le Gros Guillem. Have you ever heard of the Gros Guillem?" she asked in a tone of triumph, like the blast of a victor's trumpet.

Jean lowered his staff, and looked steadily at her. His brows were contracted, his lips were set firm.

"So!" he said, after a pause. "The daughter of Gros Guillem?"

"Aye—have you heard of him?"

"Of course I have heard of him."

"And of the del' Peyras who ever heard?" asked the girl with mockery and scorn, and snapped her fingers.

"No—God be thanked!—of the del' Peyras you have never heard as of the Gros Guillem."

"The grapes—the grapes are sour!" scoffed the girl.

"I wonder at nothing you have done," said the boy sternly, "since you have told me whence you come. Of the thorn—thorns; of the nettle—stings; of the thistle—thistles—all after their kind. No! God be praised!" The boy took off his cap and looked up. "The Gros Guillem and my father, Ogier del' Peyra, are not to be spoken of in one sentence here, nor will be from the White Throne on the Day of Doom."

Looking steadily at the girl seething with anger, with mortified pride, and with desire to exasperate him, he said—

"I should never have thought that you sprang from

the Gros Guillem. The likeness must be in the heart, it is not in the face."

"Have you seen my father?" asked the girl.

"I have never seen him, but I have heard of him."

"What have you heard?"

"That he is very tall and spider-like in build; they call him 'le gros' in jest, for he is not stout, but very meagre. He has long hands and feet, and a long head with red hair, and pale face with sunspots, and very faint blue eyes, under thick red brows. That is what I am told Le Gros Guillem is like. But you—"

"Describe me—go on!"

"No!" answered Jean. "There is no need. You see yourself every day in the glass. When there is no glass you look at yourself in the water; when no water, you look at yourself in your nails."

"When there is no water, I look at myself in your eyes, and see a little brown creature there—that is me. Allons!"

She began to laugh. Much of her bad temper had flown; she was a girl of rapidly changing moods.

It was true that she was mirrored in Jean del' Peyra's eyes. He was observing her attentively. Never before had he seen so handsome a girl, with olive, transparent skin, through which the flush of colour ran like summer lightning in a summer cloud—such red lips, such rounded cheek and chin; such an easy, graceful figure! The magnificent burnished black hair was loose and flowing over her shoulders; and her eyes!—they had the fire of ten thousand flints lurking in them and flashing out at a word.

"How come you here?" asked Jean, in a voice less hard and in a tone less indifferent than before. "This place, La Roque Gageac, is not one for a daughter of Le Gros Guillem. Here we are French. At Domme they are English, and that is the place for your father."

"Ah!" said the girl in reply, "among us women French or English are all the same. We are both and we are neither. I suppose you are French?"

"Yes, I am French."

"And a Bishop's man?"

"I live on our own land—Del Peyraland, at Ste. Soure."

"And I am with my aunt here. My father considers Domme a little too rough a place for a girl. He has sent me hither. At the gates they did not ask me if I were French or English. They let me through, but not my father's men. They had to ride back to Domme."

"He cannot come and see you here?"

The girl laughed. "If he were to venture here, they would hang him—not give him half an hour to make his peace with Heaven!—hang him—hang him as a dog!"

"So!—and you are even proud of such a father!"

"So!—and even I am proud to belong to one whose name is known. I thank my good star I do not belong to a nobody of whom none talk, even as an Ogier del' Peyra."

"You are proud of your father—of Le Gros Guillem!" exclaimed Jean; and now his brow flushed with anger, and his eye sparkled. "Proud of that *routier* and *rouffien*,† who is the scourge, the curse of the country round! Proud of the man that has desolated our land, has made happy wives into wailing widows, and glad children into despairing orphans; who has wrecked churches, and drunk—blaspheming God at the time—out of the gold chalices; who has driven his sword into the bowels of his own Mother Country, and has scorched her beautiful face with his firebrands! I know of Le Gros Guillem—who does not?—know of him by the curses that are raised by his ill deeds, the hatred he has sown, the vows of vengeance that are registered—"

"Which he laughs at," interrupted Noémi.

"Which he laughs at now," pursued the boy angrily, and anger gave fluency to his tongue. "But do you not suppose that a day of reckoning will arrive? Is Heaven deaf to the cries of the sufferers? Is Humanity all-enduring, and never likely to revolt—and, when she does, to exact a terrible revenge? The labourer asks for naught but to plough his land in peace, the merchant nothing but to be allowed to go on his journey unmolested, the priest has no higher desire than to say his Mass in tranquillity. And all this might be but for Le Gros Guillem and the like of him. Let the English keep their cities and their provinces; they belong to them by right. But is Le Gros Guillem English? Was Perducat d'Albret English? What of Le petit Mesquin? of the Archpriest? of Cervolle? Were they English? Are those real English faces that we fear and hate? Are they not the faces of our own countrymen, who call themselves English, that they may plunder and murder their fellow-countrymen and soak with blood and blast with fire the soil that reared them?"

Noémi was somewhat awed by his vehemence, but she said—

"Rather something to be talked about than a nothing at all."

"Wrong, utterly wrong!" said Jean. "Rather be the storm that bursts and wrecks all things than be still beneficent Nature in her order which brings to perfection? Any fool can destroy; it takes a wise man to build up. You—your fair and gay young spirit, tell me have you ever seen that of which you speak so lightly, of which you jest as if it were a matter of pastime? Have you gone tripping after your father, treading in his bloody footprints, holding up your skirts lest they should touch the festering carcasses on either side the path he has trod?"

"No," answered the girl, and some of the colour went out of her face, leaving it the finest purest olive in tint.

"Then say no more about your wish to have a name as a *routier* and to be the terror of the countryside, till you have experienced what it is that terrorises the land."

"One must live," said Noémi.

"One may live by helping others to live—as does the peasant, and the artisan, as the merchant; or by destroying the life of others—as does the *routier* and the vulgar robber," answered Jean.

Then Noémi caught his wrist and drew him aside under an archway. Her quick eye had seen the castellan coming that way; he had not been in the castle in the face of the rock, but in the town; and he was now on his way back. He would find the means of ascent broken, and must repair it before reaching his eyrie.

\* A *chevauchée* was an expedition to ravage a tract of country. Originally it signified a feudal service due from a vassal to his seigneur in private wars.

† A *routier*, a brigand who harassed the roads. A *rouffien*, a dweller in the rocks, *rouffes*.



"Who is the fool now?" said Jean d'el' Peyra. "You, who were knocking away the steps below you, calculating that if you destroyed that stair, you could still descend by the custodian's rope and windlass. See—he was not there. You would have been fast as a prisoner till the ladder was restored; and small bones would have been made of you, Gros Guillem's daughter, for playing such a prank as that!"

Unseen they watched the man storming, swearing, angrily gathering up the pegs and wedges and the hammer, and ascending the riskful flight of steps to replace the missing pieces of wood in their sockets, and peg them firmly and sustainingly with their wedges.

"What you did in your thoughtlessness, that your father and the like of him do in their viciousness, and do on a grander scale," said Jean.

"They are knocking away the pegs in the great human ladder, destroying the sower with his harvest, the merchant with his trade, the mason, the carpenter, the weaver with their crafts, the scholar with his learning, the man of God with his lessons of peace and goodwill. And at last Le Gros Guillem and such as he will be left alone, above a ruined world on the wreckage of which he has mounted, to starve, when there is nothing more to be got, because the honest getters have all been struck down. Who is the fool now?"

"Have done!" said the girl impatiently. "You have moralised enough—you should be a clerk!"

"We are all made moralists when we see honesty trampled under foot. Well for you, Noémi, with your light head and bad heart—"

"My bad heart!"

"Aye, your bad heart. Well for you that you are a harmless girl and not a boy, or you would have followed quick in your father's steps and built yourself up as hateful a name."

"I, a harmless girl?"

"Yes, a harmless girl. Your hands are feeble, and, however malicious your heart, you can do none a mischief, save your own self."

"You are sure of that?"

"Mercifully it is so. The will to hurt and ruin may be present, but you are weak and powerless to do the harm you would."

"Is a woman so powerless?"

"Certainly."

She ran up a couple of steps, caught him by the shoulders, stooped, and kissed him on the lips, before he was aware what she was about to do.

"Say that again! A woman cannot ravage and burn, and madden and wound—not with a sword and a firebrand, but—"

She stooped. The boy was bewildered—his pulses leaping, his eye on fire, his head reeling. She kissed him again.

"These are her weapons!" said Noémi. "Who is the fool now?"

(To be continued.)

The Baptist Union of Great Britain has been holding its meetings at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The chairman is the Rev. George Short, of Salisbury.

The Rev. F. Herbert Stead, brother of the editor of the *Review of Reviews*, has become the Warden of the new settlement at Walworth, in connection with Browning Hall.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Is Ritualism a failure among the working classes? Answers have been given in the *Westminster Gazette*. Ritualists themselves allow that any attempt of forcing on the ceremonial of the Church, whether by the clergy or a nucleus of people, which is not prepared for by general all-round teaching, is fatal to all real progress. Mr. Kirkpatrick, of St. Augustine's, Kilburn, says that there are large numbers of working men in his congregation. Mr. Reaney, of Greenwich, who was formerly a Nonconformist minister, is of opinion that nobody has gained the working classes; that the Church and the sects alike have lost them. As for the Ritualist clergy, he is of opinion that their success with the working classes has not been commensurate with

Alderson. The magistrates held that, in any case, the authorities in question were only referring to criminal proceedings, and told Mr. Paul that if he did not give evidence when the adjourned hearing came on they would have no alternative but to send him to prison. The *Church Times* contends that the secrecy of the confessional ought to be strictly protected on a like principle to that which protects the confabulations of lawyer and client.

It is stated that the important vicarage of Newcastle has been offered to the Rev. E. Hoskyns, Rector of Stepney, London. Mr. Hoskyns is known in the East End as both an able and a brave man.

The Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, has gone to the United States for six months, and proposes

during his stay in that country to give descriptive lectures on Stratford and Shakspeare. The proceeds are to be devoted to the completion of the restoration of Stratford parish church.

The Bishop of Lincoln has greatly benefited by his tour on the Continent.

The Rev. R. W. Essington, Vicar of Shenstone since 1848, and Rural Dean of Lichfield, intends, it is said, to resign his living owing to advanced years. Mr. Essington was the author of some of the earliest publications of Messrs. Macmillan. He has contributed to the *Academy*, and is a well-known correspondent of the *Guardian*.

Bishop Hornby, late of Nyassaland, in a recent address, warmly eulogised the work of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in Blantyre. He could not express the obligation and debt they were under to the Scottish missionaries there and elsewhere. The whole condition of European affairs in Central Africa was very satisfactory. What the state of things would be if gold were discovered there he did not know.

It is not at all common for ecclesiastical devotion to take the form of a transference from one deanery to another, yet such has been the case in the appointment of Dr. George William Kitchin to succeed Dr. Lake at Durham. The intention of the latter to resign was postponed for some little time after the public

announcement, but Dr. Lake finally decided to vacate the deanery in November. The choice of the Dean of Winchester is generally considered an excellent one; there is considerable sympathy—intellectually, ecclesiastically, and politically—between the Bishop of Durham and the new Dean. Dr. Kitchin was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and obtained a double First in 1850. He acted as tutor to the Crown Prince of Denmark, and held various offices while residing at the University, being a member of the Hebdomadal Council and select preacher. For fifteen years he was censor of non-collegiate students. He was appointed by Mr. Gladstone in 1883 Dean of Winchester, and has bestowed the loving interest of an antiquary upon the ancient and beautiful fabric of Winchester Cathedral. There have been two or three excellent stories linked with Dr. Kitchin's name. One, which is possibly apocryphal, is to the effect that a telegram conveying the result of a horse-race was handed to the Dean during a service in the Cathedral, greatly to his mystification. It was really intended for a gentleman of sporting proclivities, bearing the name of Dean!

V.



"Up in that nest—whenever the English are about, up goes in'to it the Bishop of Sarlat, and he takes with him all his treasure, his gold cups and patens, his shrines for holy bones all set with gems, and his bags of coin."

the effort. Much the most interesting reply was that of Father Stanton, who frankly said that, speaking generally, and making all necessary exceptions, he did not believe that they had at all laid hold of the working classes. There were a few devout men whom they could claim, but, upon the whole, they did not pretend to have really touched them.

Lord Cross advises that letters should be written to members of Parliament in favour of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill threatening the withdrawal of Liberal votes. "Votes," he said, "might not be changed by an eloquent speech, but he had known many a vote changed by letters." Some people seem to expect that Mr. Gladstone will now oppose Welsh Disestablishment, but it may be doubted whether this is likely.

At Washaway (Cornwall) Petty Sessions, last week, the Rev. F. B. Paul declined in the witness-box to reveal, in an affiliation case, what had been told him by one of the parties in confession. He quoted in his favour the judgment of Lord Kenyon, Chief Justice Best, and Baron



## BLIND AND NAKED IGNORANCE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The Laureate wrote of a Master's contempt for those  
Who are not of his school, nor any school,  
Save that where blind and naked Ignorance  
Delivers brav'ling judgments all day long  
On all things unashamed.

I am obliged to quote from memory, in a strath destitute of books, but thus, more or less, the Laureate wrote. His words are vividly recalled by a review in that excellent serial, the *Spectator*. I do not suppose that there is a better critical paper, when the *Spectator* cares to be critical, except the *Revue Critique*. But the *Spectator* does not always care to be critical, as when it entrusted a book styled "Old St. Paul's," by W. S. Simpson, D.D., to the author of the astonishing remarks which I am about to cite. The book, "Old St. Paul's," I have never seen, and to the best of my knowledge, I am unacquainted with the other works of its learned author. "The first two chapters," says the reviewer,

that he did not know what a *lekythos* or *amphora* was, and clamour for a glossary? No editor would stand such frank and unabashed nescience, and, surely Christian is not more contemptible than classic archaeology. A reviewer of a history will scarcely boggle at the "Dialogus de Seaccario." The mass of readers may not know what that treatise is, but then the mass of readers does not criticise volumes in which these recondite subjects are treated. In philology we may soon find a reviewer who asks "Who was Grimm, and what was Grimm's Law?" An author has not, hitherto, been obliged to supply his judges with elementary information. Half an hour at the London Library, or in his club library, could have told the *Spectator's* man what "tonicles" and "osculatoriums" are, but he did not give that half hour to mastering his subject. Why was such an idle apprentice chosen to criticise a work on a topic of which he knows no more than you or I do? And, being chosen, why did not he, as I hope you and I would have done, "cram" in the provinces of which he was nakedly ignorant? Where is the use of his kind

of Sir John Birkenhead's "dull jokes" after talking about "Mr. Moshesh in the Minoresh." This is the kind of criticism which the unlucky Dr. Simpson gets after being at the pains of writing a book on Old St. Paul's. And this treatment, this confessedly ignorant and intolerably facetious treatment, he receives at the hands of a steady, respectable, and usually conscientious journal. I ask is this kind of thing criticism? Is it creditable to anyone concerned in composing it or publishing it? If you know literally nothing you may acquire information, or you may leave in severe silence the points about which you are ignorant, or you may decline the privilege of reviewing a book altogether. But to confess ignorance of topics wherein instruction is cheap and easy is to lower the standard of criticism, which, again, you cannot raise by comparing a bearded female saint to "Mr. Moshesh in the Minoresh." Ignorant, indifferent, and jocular reviewing is facile, inexpensive, and so common that only commercial reasons can explain the habit of sending learned works out for review. If criticism only exists "to amuse some of our readers,"



Louis XI., Loyse, Gringoire,  
Mr. Holman Clarke. Mrs. Tree. Mr. Tree.

Prince Henry Lady Duchess of Princess Henry Duchess of The Queen. Princess Beatrice.  
of Battenberg. Mackenzie. Athole. of Prussia. Albany.

THEATRICALS BEFORE THE QUEEN AND COURT IN THE BALL-ROOM AT BALMORAL: MR. BEERBOHM TREE IN "THE BALLAD-MONGER."

"contain merely lists of the ornaments and robes guarded in the Cathedral Treasury at two successive inquiries—namely, in 1245 and 1402, and we would have desired that Dr. Simpson had in mercy added a glossary for the benefit of such as are not experts in clerical jewellery or sacerdotal dressmaking. We have but an indistinct idea of the meaning and use of 'albs,' 'copes,' and 'chasubles,' and know not in the least what 'obits,' 'tonicles,' and 'osculatoriums' may be . . . a discreditable ignorance which, we apprehend, is shared by a large number of well-educated and studious persons."

Now, this ignorance may or may not be "discreditable" to persons well educated and studious. Being ignorant myself of what a "tonicle" is, I do consider the ignorance most "discreditable." But if one is ignorant, for honour or for dishonour, why in the name of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," should one write a review of a book about Old St. Paul's? Say I write a work on prosody. Is a reviewer to remark that he does not know what dactyls and anapests are? No doubt he does not know, and the majority of modern readers do not know, but then it is difficult to see why he, of all people, is selected to review a work on prosody. Or I may, as probably, write a book on the Treasury of the Parthenon, as described in inscriptions. Would any reviewer admit

of criticism? If a critic has any *locus standi* it is as one who knows better than the public whom he is to instruct and direct. If he knows no more than a conscientious attendant of University Extension Lectures does, I fail to see why he is chosen as a judge of a book on any given theme. There is a plenty of scholars who know all about "osculatoriums." One of these might have been found to do what had to be done. If this worthy does not know about St. Osyth he might easily acquire information, or might leave the task to one of the many persons who do know. A history of Greece may presently be criticised by some candid ignoramus who shall write: "We find mention of Miltiades and Themistocles, of both of which generals" (oh, style!) "we have some knowledge, but cannot claim acquaintance with Brasidas or Gylippus, a gentleman of whom few, we believe, ever heard before." Or, in a history of Scotland, some frank critic may announce that he is not unacquainted with the names of Knox and Wishart, but that he never heard of Maitland of Lethington or Johnston of Warriston. Why not? If these things are done in a review of a history of Old St. Paul's they may as well be done in a history of Scotland. Our critic asks if St. Uncumber "can be connected with the *Liber* and *Libitina* of heathen Rome." So he has heard of heathen Rome and of two of its deities! He then complains

and if they are amused by "Mr. Moshesh," then this kind of writing is excusable. But if criticism means the expression of a sober and enlightened judgment on the matters in hand, then the less we have of this facetious twaddle the better.

It cannot be impossible for good journals to procure competent critics, if they will only make the effort. If they do not make the effort, authors must write (as, perhaps, they generally do) for the pleasure of writing, and absolutely without hope that their work may possibly win an intelligent reception.

The Sanitary Institute has discussed at its congress in Liverpool, among other topics, that of "River Pollution." Mr. W. Spinks, who read a paper, described the Mersey and its tributaries as "a sort of cross between a sewer and an ashpit." A current jest concerning this river has parodied Shakspeare by asserting that "the quality of Mersey is not strained." A gentleman from Richmond thought that the effort to exclude objectionable matter from rivers and streams would be much better conducted by County Councils. Despite all the criticism which is constantly being levelled at this form of local government, it is curious to notice the new duties which are continually being handed over to the County Councils.



## THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.—No. VIII.



THOMAS SUTTON.

1611



THE SUTTON ARMS.

**C**HARTERHOUSE occupies a position among the great public schools which is, up to the present time, unique. An old school with new surroundings, an ancient foundation with a new lease of life, she seems destined,

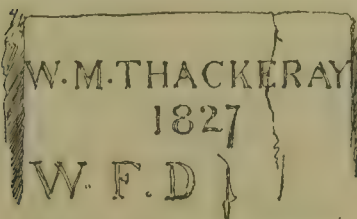
though born in a town, to spend her days in the country, unless, indeed, in the course of the next few hundred years London should extend itself down the line to Godalming, and catch up the old school once more. The first two hundred and sixty years of existence were spent by Sutton's foundation in London, as all the world knows. Perhaps it would be truer to say that 150 of these were spent on the outskirts of London, for it was only in the last hundred years, and especially in the latest portion of these, that Charterhouse found itself surrounded by buildings and at last buried in the heart of a great city. But to get to the true age of London Charterhouse, one must add to these 260 years of its school existence another 240 of its life as a Carthusian monastery—in all 500 years.

Its origin as a monastery was due to the Black Death, which, reaching its highest point in 1348-49, swept away so great a proportion of the inhabitants of London that a chronicler asserts, no doubt with some exaggeration, that there were not enough left of the living to bury the dead. But one may well understand that the dead should have been buried with scant reverence and small ceremony. They were thrust, it is said, into pits and long trenches, covered hastily with earth, and left without religious service in unhallowed ground. Deeply moved by this state of things, Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, bought a plot of ground known as No Man's Land (now Charterhouse Square), some three acres in all, and well fitted from its then remote position to serve as a burial-ground. The chapel was dedicated to the Virgin, and the ground rechristened by the name of Pardon Churchyard. But the plague continuing, the ground still proved insufficient, and Sir Walter de Mauny, Edward the Third's bravest knight, next came to the rescue with the purchase from St. Bartholomew's Hospital of thirteen acres of land next to Pardon Churchyard, and known as the Spital Croft. At this point some confusion



Photo by Russell and Sons.

THE REV. CANON ELWYN.



ONE OF THE STONES AT GODALMING, REMOVED FROM THE CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON.

arises. We find that Bishop Northburgh (Stratford's successor) bought back this land from Sir Walter de Mauny, and left it in his will, together with £2000, for the foundation of a Carthusian monastery. But it is Sir Walter



Photo by Done and Hall.

THE REV. WILLIAM HAIG BROWN, LL.D., HEAD MASTER AT GODALMING.

who carries out the design after his friend's death, and it was he who was and is still regarded as the founder of the Smithfield monastery, which received the license of the King in the year 1372. When, at the end of that year, the old knight died, his body was laid to rest in an alabaster tomb (long perished) in the middle of the choir, which is now the south aisle (if so it can be called) of the chapel in London. Indeed, if one could remove the painted panelling which covers the lower twelve feet of the south and east walls, one would probably set eyes on the very stones of the inner wall of the monks' chapel. Only a few years ago, a portion of panel having been moved from the south side of the east wall, the original piscina was brought to light. By going outside the chapel, the external buttresses and a portion of the original south wall can be seen, and the humble proportions of the monastic chapel—it must be remembered that though a "double monastery," the total of its monks was only twenty-four—can be realised. The Smithfield Charterhouse seems at once to have been recognised as the most important of the eleven Carthusian houses (the Smithfield house was fifth in order of foundation) in England. It was used, it would seem, by many pious laymen as a place of temporary retreat, and Sir Thomas More's connection with it for such a purpose is too well known to need further mention. Indeed, it would seem that early in the sixteenth century, and not very long before the dissolution of the monastery, portions of the original monastery, especially those parts which were used for the entertainment of guests, needed enlargement and improvement. We cannot pretend in an article of this kind to particularise the various points which a visitor to Smithfield Charterhouse will be able to discover, or have pointed out to him. But there is probably no building in London so well worth the examination of an architect or archaeologist, and none which, till the last few years, so strangely escaped the care of either. The present preacher of Charterhouse, the Rev. H. V. Le Bas, has in the last few years gathered together a great many facts which previous generations had entirely let slip, and we are now able to know that the remains of the original monastery incorporated in the later mansion of Howard House, and the still later foundation of Sutton's

Hospital are far more numerous than was supposed. The portions known as Wash House Court and Poplar Court were, indeed, the old offices of the monastery inhabited by the lay brothers. The Great Hall, or Pensioners' Hall, represents, after many changes, the original Guests' Hall of the monks, and close beside it will be found the humbler refectory of the monks themselves, which was used, though a good deal enlarged, while the school was in London, as the dining-hall for foundation scholars or "Gown-boys." The "great cloisters" have long since vanished. They formed three sides of a very large square round what is now the cricket ground of Merchant Taylors' School, the fourth side being occupied by the chapel and other buildings. These cloisters, with their cells (rather to be called cottages than cells, since in a Carthusian monastery each monk has a little separate three-roomed house with a plot of garden ground to detach it from its neighbour), were doubtless swept away either by Lord North or the Duke of Norfolk after the confiscation. Their site, however, is marked by the doorways of two or three of the cells which are still visible. One of these is, or was, near the racquet



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LEECH, CHARTERHOUSE, LONDON.

courts on the east wall of the playground; another on the inner wall of the so-called "cloisters," which, however, in their present shape are by no means the monastic cloisters, but are a covered arcade with a stone terrace on top, of Elizabethan brickwork, built by the Duke of Norfolk as a connection between his mansion and his tennis-court (which occupied the site on which "Gown-boys" and "Saundersites," two school houses, afterwards stood). The northern line of cells, indeed, was traceable in what was known to Carthusians as "Hill," a long mound formed, doubtless, of the debris of the northern cells, on the top of which stood "Big School" (now demolished). Happy was the cricketer who in that limited space at the disposal of Charterhouse boys in London could get a ball well "over Hill." It was a safe "four," even if it didn't hit a tree or a brick wall on the return journey. We were always as



THE OLD CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL, LONDON.

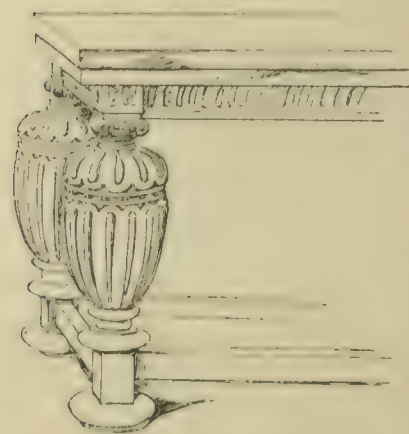
boys told that "Hill" was the old plague-pit, but we know better now. In 1866 an excavation at the bottom of "Hill" laid bare the outlines of the old cells.

In 1534 Charterhouse suffered the fate of the other great monasteries. The noble bearing of its prior, John Houghton,



and his brother monks has been told by Froide from the original record by Maurice Chauncy, one of the order, which has been since reprinted (1888) at the Carthusian press of the Monastery of Hensfold. Here we must be content to say merely that the Reformation claimed no nobler victims on either side. When Charterhouse ceased to exist as a monastery it had borne from first to last an unblemished record.

After serving for a while as a receptacle for the King's "Hales and Pavilions"—namely, sporting gear, tents, and lumber at large, the ground and buildings were granted to



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S TABLE, CHARTERHOUSE.

nor always possible to say how much must be assigned to him and how much to his successor, the Duke of Norfolk, who in 1565 purchased it of the second Lord North, then just come into the title. There is, however, little doubt that it was during Norfolk's occupation that it assumed its full magnificence, as it also obtained from him its name of Howard House. The Great Hall, the Governor's Room, the Great Staircase, and the great range of living rooms now occupied by the Master of Charterhouse, Canon Elwyn, are not materially changed, in spite of paint and paper, since the Howard occupation, which, as we have said, was itself a mere adaptation and transformation of the more imposing portion of the monastery. It is difficult to believe that a very few years ago the Governors introduced a Bill into Parliament for the mutilation and partial destruction of Howard House, the only remaining instance of an Elizabethan town mansion in England. It is, indeed, only to be explained on the charitable assumption that they were hardly conscious of the national value of the treasure entrusted to their charge, for which obliviousness some excuse may fairly be urged, as it is only since its threatened destruction that the building has received its due share of



CURIOUS DRAWER IN DOOR OF ALTAR-RAIL, SUPPOSED TO BE AN ALMS-BOX, IN THE CHARTERHOUSE CHAPEL.

attention. There, however, it stands, and, we trust, will stand, a unique and practically (in its main features) complete example of the town mansion of a nobleman in the days of Elizabeth.

Confiscated by the Crown when Norfolk lost his head, it was restored to his son, Lord Howard, who, however, held his bargain cheap as it would seem. It was well known that the place was in the market, and at the same time it also happened that the rich merchant Thomas Sutton, a widower and childless, was seeking a means of doing good with the vast wealth which he had accumulated. He had, after some debate and change of purpose, decided on a foundation consisting of a "Hospitall" (in the seventeenth century sense) for some eighty old men, and a grammar school for some forty-four boys. He had, indeed, already obtained an Act for this foundation at Hallingbury, in Essex, but Charterhouse offering itself, he obtained a second Act, on the grounds that he "conceived it to be a more fit and commodious house and place," &c. The letters patent were issued, in June 1611, and the founder himself died (the coincidence here with the death of Mauny in the year of his foundation is striking) on Dec. 12, 1611—a day whose anniversary has been kept, as any reader of "The Newcomes" will know, ever since as Founder's Day. The founder lies in the vault beneath the chapel in London, and few monuments of the period are more characteristic than the quaint, gorgeously gilded tomb of "alabaster, touch, rance, and other hard stones" which the famous statuary, Nicholas Stone, and two others reared from floor to roof. The items of the bill are duly preserved, and if we take into account

the number of death's-heads, cherubs, virtues, men in armour, scrolls, flourishes, and coats of arms, all in "alabaster and touch and rance," it must be owned that the craftsmen gave good quantity. Who does



SILVER FORK, CHARTERHOUSE.

not remember Thackeray's description of it in "The Newcomes" on that Founder's Day when Thomas Newcome is found there among the Pensioners—Codd's, we mean ("the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codd's")? Thus it runs: "The chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day." Walk but a stone's-throw from the Founder's tomb and you will find in the entrance passage the tablet to Thackeray



A CHARTERHOUSE MONK.

himself, side by side with that of his friend Leech, a loving tribute from Thomas Woolner.

From the very first the school was famous. One of the first "gown-boys" was Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough; and among the early ones were two who have left their mark on English poetry—Richard Lovelace and Crashaw. To the ninth head master, however, it was given to have under his charge three such men as Joseph Addison, Richard Steele, and John Wesley. A later head master, indeed, Dr. Kaine, the fourteenth on the list, could claim Grote, Thirlwall, and Havelock, and many others; and in the reign of his successor, Dr. Russell, fell the schooldays of Leech and Thackeray. But Dr. Russell's head mastership, though under the Bell system it produced for a time a phenomenal success, yet brought with it a still greater disaster. Before his resignation the school had run down from 480 to 137, and in London it never recovered its numbers. Indeed, the steady growth of London all round it, and the encroachments of warehouses and streets, more than neutralised the effect of a brilliant succession of head masters.

When, in the early days of the present head master, Dr. Haig Brown, to whose efforts, it is no secret, the removal of Charterhouse was finally due, a Bill was obtained for the rebuilding of the school on a wonderfully well-chosen site at Godalming (here, again, it is no secret to whom that choice was due), there were 147 boys in the school. The London playground, never too large, had lost much of its size from being built over, and



PISCINA IN THE CHAPEL AT CHARTERHOUSE.

expansion under such circumstances was impossible, even if survival, as a boarding-school at least, were possible. In June 1872 the school entered its new quarters at Godalming. There were then three houses, now known as "The Block Houses," from their belonging to the original block of buildings, capable of containing some 180 boys. To these houses the names of the three London Charterhouse houses, "Saundersites," "Verites," "Gown-Boys," have duly become affixed. But these

houses very soon proved quite insufficient for the needs of the rapidly growing school. In the course of the next three years no less than eight new houses were added to the number, and by 1876 the numbers had reached their regulation limit of 500. Meanwhile, and since that time, the manifold buildings required



OLD BENCH OR STOOL, SCHOLARS' HALL, CHARTERHOUSE.

to supply the needs and tastes of the modern school-boy have risen all around the original nucleus, and bricks and mortar have not as yet been absent long. We write—our readers will easily guess and perhaps forgive—no doubt with a prejudice. We think that there is no school so blessed with beautiful surroundings (that, however, though it may be to its advantage, cannot be entirely claimed to its credit; for Charterhouse did not create the loveliness of Surrey). But the public-school boy cannot be reared on scenery alone—generally appears, indeed, to be gloriously indifferent to its existence. And to meet his needs in one shape or other building after building has arisen, new cricket-grounds been bought, new corners and plots taken within the old ring fence. And so we think again that few schoolboys can be better off than the modern Carthusian.

The main block of buildings contains, in addition to the three "Block Houses" already mentioned, the Chapel, the Library (in which there lies open in one of the cases Thackeray's manuscript of "The Newcomes," the gift of Mrs. Thackeray-Ritchie), the Great Hall, the Museum, the Armoury, the Workshops, the Drawing School, the Music-Rooms, and all the class-rooms. The two cricket grounds also adjoin the main block, lying to the south and north-west of it. A hollow road leads west from the main block (which is built upon a plateau some 250 ft. above the river valley), down to the river Wey. Along this road are placed the

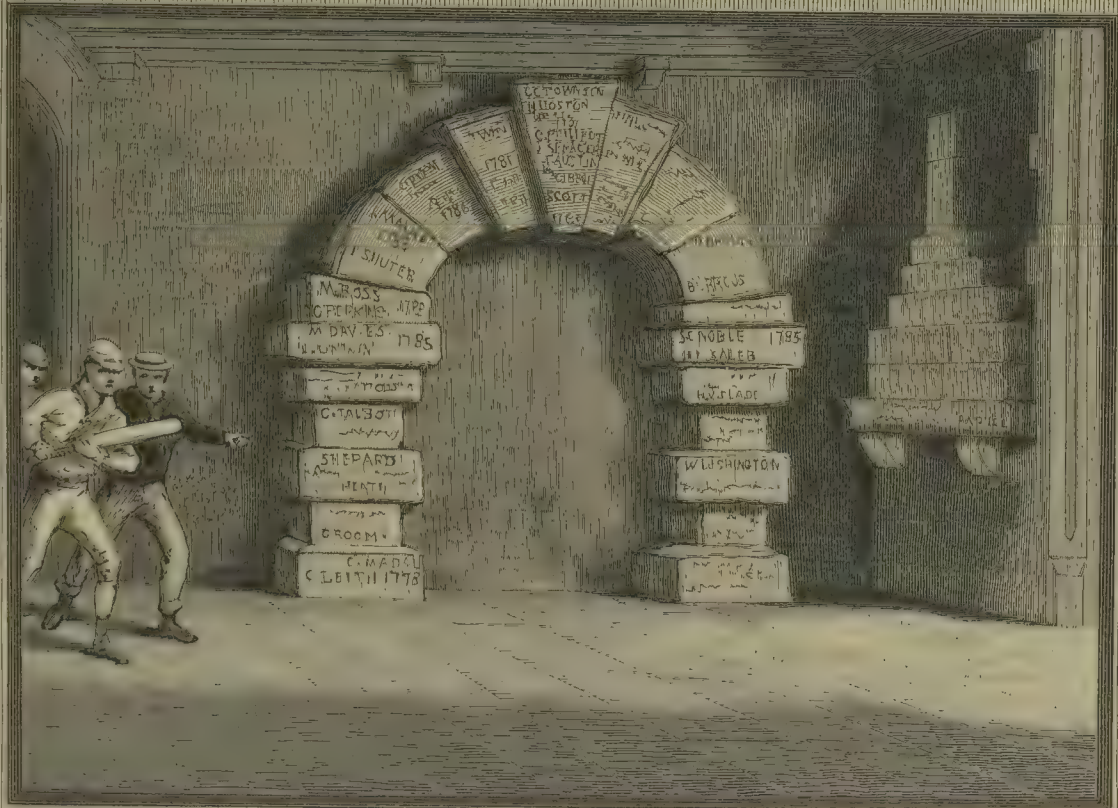


DEVICE ON SUTTON'S MONUMENT IN THE CHAPEL, CHARTERHOUSE.

fives-courts, tennis-courts, racquet-courts, and bath. In summer the river itself gives the opportunity for a capital bathing-place. On the east of the main block a short road leads over a bridge across another valley to a hill on which the greater number of boarding-houses are placed. In the valley which divides the hills runs the road which brings one, in about a mile, to the very pretty town of Godalming, which, however, is out of bounds of the school, being conveniently divided from it by the railroad, which acts as the only "school bounds" needed.

The removal of the school from its ancient site was, to the old generation of Carthusians, a sacrifice of cherished associations. It was a sacrifice loyally made by them in the best interests of their old school, for they were indeed not left unconsulted. Of four hundred old Carthusians whose views were asked, not more than forty counselled the retention of the old site. Indeed, the cordial though regretful acquiescence of the older Carthusians in the change has found its counterpart in the affection with which the younger generations have clung to the traditions and memories of the old place. It was not possible to transfer much of the material of the London school to its new quarters at Godalming. Yet even here something was done to preserve the relics of the past. The old entrance-door to "Gown-Boys," and the string courses and windows of "Big School," all of them carved with the names of many long-past Carthusians, have been built into the walls of the new cloisters. Among these the name of W. M. Thackeray, with the date of his leaving, 1827; and other relics in other odd corners of the place will be recognised by those who knew the school before 1872. But obviously it is not in the stone walls that must be sought the evidences that the Charterhouse of 1894 is but a continuance of the Charterhouse of 1611.





GOWN-BOYS' DINING-HALL.  
INSCRIBED STONES REMOVED FROM CHARTERHOUSE TO GODALMING.

DOOR OF MONK'S CELL.  
THE CLOISTERS.



THE GREAT SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND, No. VIII.

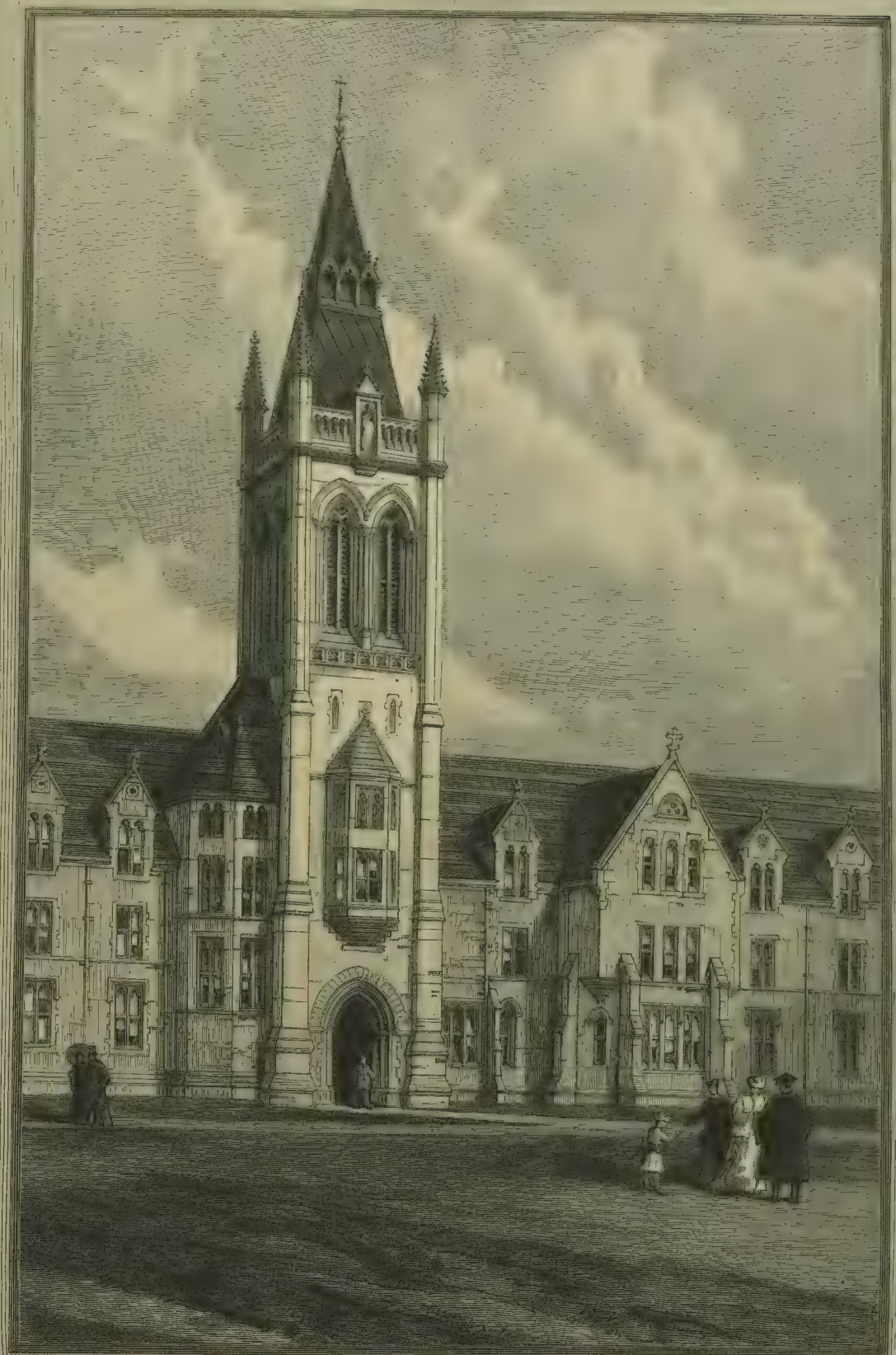


THE CHARTERHOUSE, GODALMING.





THE FOUNDER'S TOMB.



THE FOUNDER'S TOWER.

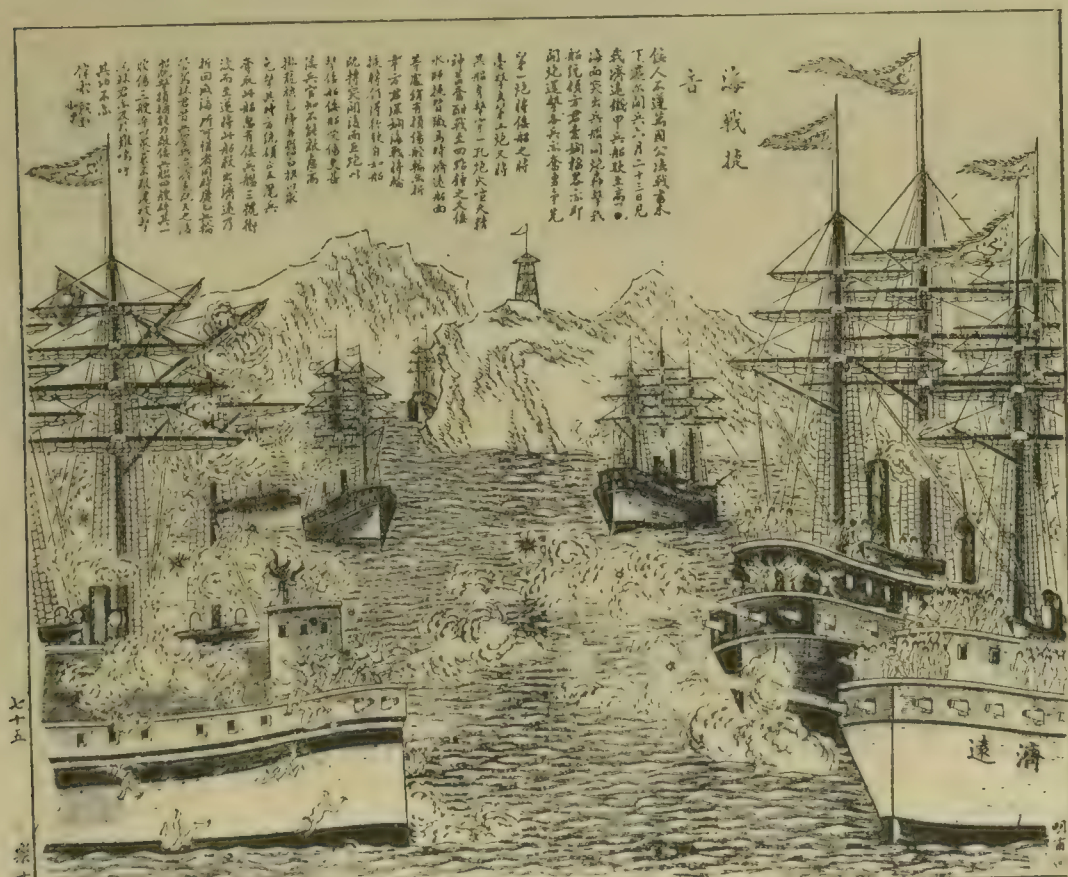




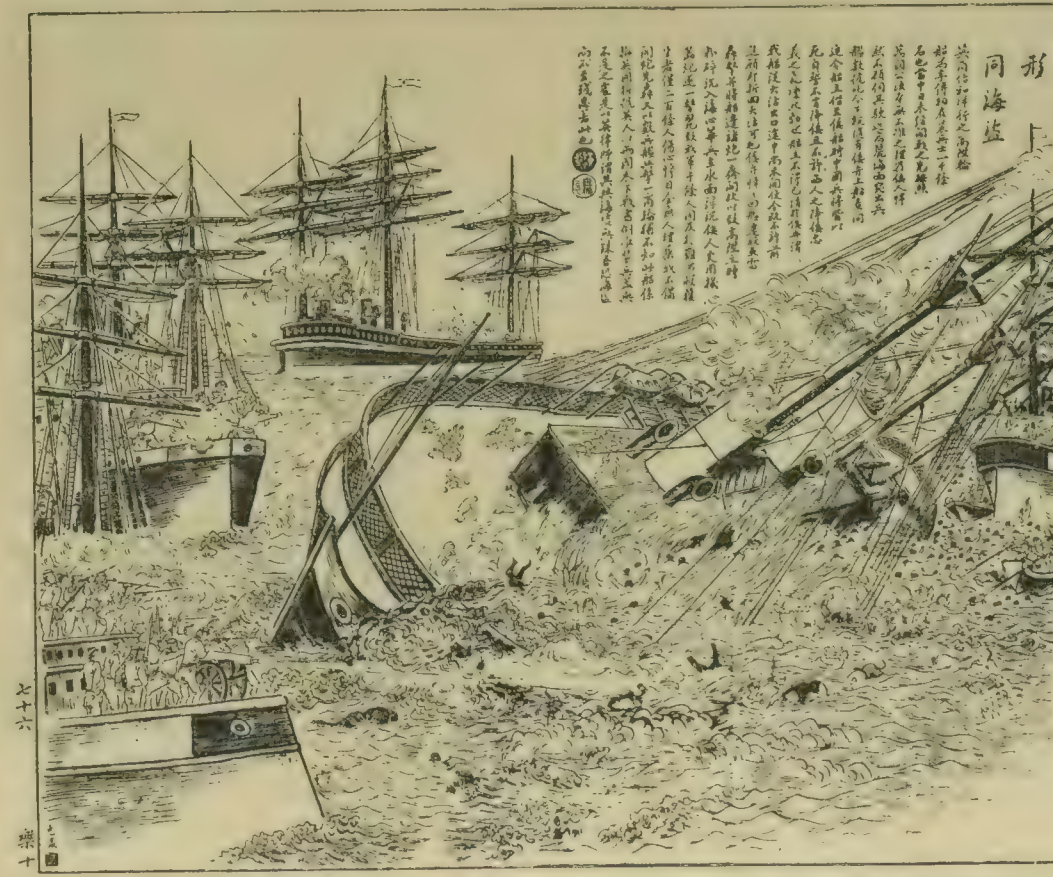
Skirmish between Chinese outposts and Japanese reconnaissance in force on the 25th of the 6th month (July 27).



The Gardner incident before the wall of Seoul. Observe the Japanese in the tent committing Seppuku or Hara-kiri; probably this, at least, is added by the Chinese Artist to give an appearance of verisimilitude to his sketch.



Naval skirmish between Japanese and Chinese men-of-war on the 23rd of the 6th month (July 25). The flags carried by the ships indicate their nationality—the square flag, white with red sun in the centre, the Japanese; and the pennant, yellow ground with a dragon, the Chinese.



The sinking of the *Kow-Shing* by Japanese men-of-war. The Chinese Artist, it will be observed, represents the Japanese as firing upon the Chinese in the water, while on the right a French man-of-war's boat is rescuing those struggling in the sea.



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

If Kaiser Wilhelm goes on piling up comic and serious business at the rate he has done hitherto, ten closely printed volumes such as Carlyle devoted to his great ancestor will not be found sufficient by his future biographer to record his *faits et gestes* during what promises, and what we sincerely trust will be, a long and happy reign. The Kaiser makes no secret of his wish to emulate Carlyle's hero in all things, and to those who know the byways as well as highways of history, the latest freak of Wilhelm II. smacks strongly—somewhat too strongly—of imitation. It appears that, when joining his yacht the other day, he nearly ran against a sailor who was carrying a mug of beer. Teutonic Jack saluted awkwardly, which was excusable under the circumstances. Wilhelm took the thing good-naturedly and offered to teach the man. "Give me the mug of beer," said the Emperor, "and I'll take your place while you take mine." So said, so done. The tar came striding

months, and I get but fourteen kreutzers a day. That makes all the difference."

Still in pursuance of his laudable ambition, the Kaiser has lately turned composer, and in a little while the sovereigns of the civilised world will be presented with the score of his already famous march. Four or five years ago a Leipzig firm published the collected works of Frederick the Great for the flute and violin. Solomons, who at one time taught George III., told his royal pupil that violin-players were divided into three classes—first, those who cannot play at all; secondly, those who play very badly; last, those who play well. Royal composers, we suppose, may be classed similarly. Those most competent to judge aver that as a composer, at any rate, Frederick belonged to the third class. His descendant cannot afford to belong to any other.

It would be premature to judge. Great men, and even "great men in the making," though often very fond of music, are as often execrable performers and have no ear at

violinello, and of all the honours bestowed upon him that of the presidentship of the High School of Music was the most gratifying. His nephew, the Czar, is passionately fond of music, and the passion is shared by the Czarina, for whose delectation there is a telephonic wire from the Théâtre Marie to Gatchina. If their eldest son had not been born in so exalted a station he might have made a fortune on the operatic stage, for the Czarevitch is said to have a beautiful light tenor voice.

When Bismarck was told of this a few years ago, at the time Nihilism was even more rampant than it is now, he remarked: "Let him take care of that voice; he may want it one day." The remark was not new—there are no new remarks. It was an imitation of Barras's when he heard that the Duc de Bordeaux, afterwards the Comte de Chambord, had been sweeping up some water he had spilt on the carpet. "His tutor was right to make him do it," sneered Barras; "he'll want a trade, for royalty is pretty well played out." There is a French proverb to the effect that: "L'on n'est jamais trahi que par les siens."



"THE OLD BRIDGE."—BY RODERICK J. FRY.

In the Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition.

along in what he considered truly imperial fashion, while the Emperor assumed the gait of Jack ashore, probably as taught by the professors of nautical deportment who prepare pupils for the stage. When the sham sailor caught sight of the sham Kaiser, he stopped short, looked sheepish, but for one moment only, then emptied the mug at a draught, after which he saluted.

Had German Jack been quick-witted he might have taught the Emperor a lesson instead of the latter teaching him one. Here is a story for which the reader will look in vain in Carlyle's or any other biography of Frederick the Great, but it is authentic for all that: One day he was strolling about Sans-Souci, when he came upon a sentry who presented arms as clumsily as Jack saluted Frederick's descendant. "You handle your musket like a pitchfork," said Fritz, not at all angrily; "let's change places, and I'll show you how to do it." The movement was executed to perfection. Fritz waited for approval; the man merely nodded. At last he spoke. "How long have you been doing this, Private Fritz?" he asked. "Since I was a little lad," was the answer. "What do you get a day?" was the next question. The King roughly divided his yearly income by three hundred and sixty-five, and named the sum. "Then I don't wonder at it," was the remark. "I have only left off wielding the pitchfork six

all. Napoleon I. sang horribly out of time and out of tune, nevertheless, he was apt to lay down the law on the subject. While he was still General Bonaparte, Cherubini told him one day to mind his regiments. Bismarck, I believe, does not care for music; Moltke did. Théophile Gautier called music "the most expensive noise on earth." Victor Hugo invariably objected to have his dramas used as librettos; "the music," he said, "spoils his verses." On the other hand, when a great man or talented ruler does become a melomaniac there is no knowing where he will stop. Nicholas of Russia used to sit down by Rubinstein's side at the piano and whistle to the latter's accompaniment a whole opera, from the first to the last note. Rubinstein averred that he had never heard anything like it for sweetness of sound.

His gift did not descend to his eldest son. Alexander II. was a great patron of music, but he himself had no liking for it. When invited to the concerts of the Grand Duchesses Marie or Helena, he invariably disappeared into an inner room to have a rubber of whist, at the termination of which he reappeared, at what time the orchestra immediately stopped playing. But he never failed to compliment the musicians on their performance. His brother Constantine made up for this lack of talent and appreciation. He is, by all accounts, a real virtuoso on the

Anglicé: "Save me from my friends"; for the *galantin* of the Directoire and Revolution belonged to the old nobility as well as the late Chancellor of the German Empire.

The position of Mr. Aubyn Trevor Battye and Mr. Hyland, left on the island of Kolguev, continues to excite anxiety. The later news seems to indicate that they will cross to the mainland in open boats, and that information will reach England from Mezen.

The Prime Minister must be getting quite embarrassed with freedoms of cities and burghs. During his holiday in Scotland he received three, and "still there's more to follow" when he comes south. Bristol intends making Lord Rosebery a Burgess, on the occasion of his visit, when he unveils the statue erected to Burke. On his Lordship's way to Tain the other day he had to cross a ferry, and it is recorded that "he took a turn at the oars." This was an action very appropriate to one who has the credit of working as hard as a galley-slave. The Premier's colleague in the Cabinet, Mr. John Morley, has been diligently attending to his arduous official duties in Dublin during what is termed his holiday. The Chief Secretary for Ireland comes in early in the morning from his seaside residence outside Dublin, and manages to transact a great deal of work before returning in the evening.



## ART NOTES.

In returning to the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, to which brief reference was made last week, it would be instructive also to the general public—as well as to amateur and professional photographers—to have some clue as to the principles by which the judges are guided in the award of the society's medals. Is artistic or technical merit to be the touchstone of success—or a combination of both—for which neither the art nor technical judges can be held responsible? One is almost tempted to think that some such want of understanding has determined the selection of the pictures as objects of special

has also gained the approval of the judges as the best specimen of platinum printing.

The mere amateur, who interests himself in photography because, by its aid, familiar scenes and faces are truthfully and often pleasantly recalled, may still find much to occupy him in this exhibition. Among such, Dr. George McDonald's Cornish study, "Penennis" (31), as a study of rocks; Mr. J. B. Wellington's "Relics of the Past" (82) as a rendering of the murky atmosphere of London seen across the snow on Hampstead Heath, and Mr. Horsley Hinton's "Studies from the Norfolk Broads" (147-149), especially for their aerial effects, are excellent works.

and one or two others. Mr. H. Sandland's photographs of animals (256, 257) lose much by reason of their background and surroundings while M. Emile Frechon teaches a lesson of care and lifelike reality in his groups which many artists would do well to imitate.

German critics are not less destructive of old beliefs in the domain of art than they have shown themselves to be in that of literature. Among the many problems which artists and even poets, including Lessing, Goethe, and Heine, have set to themselves none has had more fascination than the reconstruction of the Laocoon monument. Some thirty years ago a fragment of so-called



"FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING."—BY C. REICHERT.

awards. Mr. H. Denison's photogravures, "In Salhouse Village" (21) and "Lough Eask" (22) are doubtless very minute and careful in their representation of nature, but there is no range of tone in either, and the landscape even of the Norfolk Broads is not on the dull level here represented. In atmospheric effects these works fall far below Miss E. Napier's "New Forest Studies" (83, 84), as these again fall short of the artistic excellence of Colonel Gale's "Surrey Meadows" (77, 78). Again, Mr. Arthur Golding carries off a medal for his carbon study, "When sea meets land in daily strife" (41), which, whatever its technical merits may be, is spoilt as a work of art by the hard line which divides the picture into two equal parts. In like manner, nothing can well be more commonplace in choice of subject and treatment than Mr. Brownrigg's "Nave of Ramsey Abbey" (23), which

Mr. Sinclair's "Sunshine and Shadow" (62), representing women washing clothes on a river bank, has some clever work, and Mr. A. Kapteyn's "Painter's Corner" (287) is a perfect storehouse of materials for a picture-maker, revealing perhaps a little too plainly the uses to which photography is often turned by painters in oils and water-colours. Among the other landscape and outdoor work may be mentioned Mr. Kidson Taylor's farm-scenes (309-311), with their bright clear outlines; Miss Moysey's really artistic studies in the Dolomites (207), and the snow studies of Captain Bligh at St. Moritz (103), and of Signor Sella in the glaciers of Dauphiné (158) and the Valais (162). Among figure-photographers the claims of Mr. F. Hollyer to a prominent place are well sustained by his study (323) of a young man's head; but he is close pressed by Mr. William Ralston's portrait of a lady, by Mr. E. Scamell,

Samian ware was found at Cirencester, on which was depicted the figure of a muscular man, recalling that of the Laocoon struggling with two snakes. Beside him is a small figure, which has been variously interpreted as that of Eros (typical of Laocoon's love for Antiope), or of one of Laocoon's children. More recent criticism tends to throw considerable doubt upon the relation of the vase painting to the great work of the Rhodian sculptors, and now one of the glories of the Vatican. Another supposed clue was the impression of a seal on a deed, dated 1529, in the possession of Lord Arundel of Wardour, once believed to be a work of the best period of Greek gem-engraving. Dr. Förster now shows that the seal was comparatively modern, and was probably the work of an Italian engraver who had profited by the enthusiasm caused by the then (1506) recent discovery of the statue itself.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent wishes me to make some allusion in this column to the miracles which, on the principle and in imitation of the Lourdes cures, have been reported as occurring at St. Winifred's Well at Holywell, Flintshire. Reference has been made to these reputed miraculous cures in the daily press and in the medical journals as well. I do not know that there is anything new to be said regarding the Holywell incidents, for the history of "faith cures" is surely "writ large" in the records of psychology. My contentions about such reputed miraculous cures have always assumed the form of a two-fold observation. First, people should be very careful indeed in receiving and in crediting the accounts of such cures, because the reports, tinged as they are with a religious enthusiasm, much given to scorning petty details (such as commonplace scientists demand by way of confirmation), are apt to convey exaggerated notions of what has really occurred. Secondly, there happens to exist a scientific and rational explanation of such reputed "miracles," which takes its origin from a study of what is known of the influence of the mind over the body. To these contentions I may be permitted to add a third. These "cures," like the "drink-cures" themselves, require not only confirmation of a kind they rarely receive, but demand careful after-observation, which as far as my experience goes, is scarcely ever exercised. Sufficient for the day is the cure thereof, and if, next week, the tumour or the cancer or the blindness or the lameness is just as bad as ever, it is nobody's business to report the failure.

Naturally, there are some things reported as having happened at every shrine of the Holywell kind which no rational person can credit, save indeed a mind of the type that "believes because it is impossible." If, for instance, I read that a woman dying of cancer was cured by immersion in the well, I can be deemed neither sceptical nor irreligious, surely, if I question most strongly—first, the probability that she was affected with this grave and incurable malady; or secondly, assuming she was so affected, that she was really healed. Again, if, as in the old days of the Bethshans, or faith-healing dépôts, we read that a case of deformed spine, due to caries or destructive disease of the vertebrae, was instantly made to disappear under the influence of prayer and the laying on of hands, the explanation of such an incident (assuming its reality as an actual occurrence) would be easy on the theory that the disease was not of the serious nature alleged at all, but merely an hysterical assumption and imitation of a deformed backbone—such, indeed, as surgeons frequently see in their practice. In this latter case we are face to face with a psychological phase of human nature. One dominant idea—that of the cure—incited by religious fervour, supplants a previous dominant idea that the patient could not move or walk, or straighten her back. There must be a limit to the possibilities of things in the way of cure, unless, indeed, medicine and surgery are tissues of lies and deceit—an alternative nobody is likely to accept. Nobody I have heard of has pretended that any miraculous union of a newly fractured bone—taking, say, six weeks to mend in the course of nature—has occurred. This would be a miracle indeed, but it is not in the plain open field that such wonders are wrought. It is in the shady byways of hysteria, with its accurate simulation of almost any and every disease under the sun, that the miracle-mongers work their cures. And the people who go to see and to seek a marvel do not return home empty-handed.

Here is a true story which contains a moral for those who fail to see in the effects of the nervous system on the frame at large (apart from unconfirmed and sensational stories of impossible cures) an explanation of the miracles that every now and then take a new lease of life in the annals of religious systems. A well-known surgeon, a few years ago, had a patient brought to his residence, carried on an ambulance-settee or a similar contrivance, for the plain reason that she was unable to walk. She had, in fact, been practically bedridden for some years with an affection of the knee-joint, which had assumed the appearance of serious disease. The patient, laid on the surgeon's sofa, was duly examined, with the result that he formed the opinion that the ailment was largely of an hysterical nature, that it involved no organic disease, and that the real cause of the inability to walk was the morbid inclination or fear of the patient to exercise her powers of locomotion. Seizing his patient by the hand, he commanded her to rise from the couch and put her feet to the ground. The startling nature of this command in the case of a woman who had to be carried into his house may be realised. Pulling her up from the sofa on to the floor, he insisted upon her moving by herself, and the result was that this presumed chronic invalid left his house on foot with her friends.

These are the essential details of the case, which occurred in the practice of a surgeon whom I happen to know very well. The case, I may add, was published in a medical journal a few years ago. Now, here is an instance of a cure accomplished by the cleverness of the surgeon—first, in diagnosing that there was no actual disease present, and secondly, in supplying a mind or brain-incentive, in the shape of a dominant idea that his patient should rise and walk. Suppose this case had occurred at Holywell or anywhere else, what, let me ask, would have been its fate? The plain reply is that it would have been distinctly labelled a miracle-cure, and as such blazoned forth as a testimony to the esoteric qualities of the healing waters. It happened in a surgeon's consulting-room, where, alas! no miracles take place, save perchance those which science, research, observation, and experience bring to bear on the woes and ills of mankind. Nobody canonises the surgeon, of course; he is only a plain, practical scientist, and not a mystic. And so the march of intellect on the one hand, and the procession of mysteries on the other, pass on. It is the old story of science versus superstition over again, and whether men will look to the causes of things as revealed by science, or, as I have said, believe these things the more readily which rank among impossibilities.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W T PIERCE.—Your contribution is very welcome, but we wish it was in three moves, as longer mates are unfashionable.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—Problems received and shall have attention.

J S MARTIN (Kidderminster).—Apply to the author himself, 5, Heygate Street, Walworth, London, S.E., remitting one shilling and postage.

C MASON (Hon. Sec., Spread Eagle).—We regret your card did not reach us till too late for use.

CARSLAKE W WOOD (Plymouth).—We regret to hear of your retirement, and are sure the recognition of your service was well deserved.

W S FENNELLOSA (Salem, Mass.).—Any further contribution will receive favourable consideration. The last obtained great praise.

R W SEATON (Sunbury).—We will examine it, but four-movers are very much against the grain at present.

D E NOYES (Bournemouth).—Thanks; we trust to find it very acceptable.

F SIMONS.—Much too elementary. Compare it with any published position.

E T G.—(1) Black cannot make the move you inquire about. (2) We will consider it, but the first move is very obvious.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2627 and 2628 received from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore); of No. 2630 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2631 from A Bindley (Harlesden); of No. 2632 from J F Moon and Alfred Bindley; of No. 2633 from E Arthur (Exmouth), J F Moon, A Church, Bruno Feist (Cologne), C Butcher jun. (Botesdale), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Dr. F St. J Bailey (Newark), Mrs. Balfour Byrnes (Torquay), and E E Jungerich (Geneva).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2634 received from Oswald Moyall (Southwick), C E Perugini, Dawn, W R B (Clifton), Emile Frau (Lyons), A H B, J Coad, J S Martin (Kidderminster), G Douglas Angus, W Mackenzie, C Jones (Paris), O Pearce, Albert Wolff, F Waller (Luton), T Roberts, J Hall, J A B, E Loudon, Edward J Sharpe, Claphill, A H Brown (Godalming), A Newman, W P Hind, Alex V M Thavenot (Trinidad), Admiral Brandreth, R Swaby Odham Club, Martin F, R H Brooks, W H S (Peterborough), J S, M Burke, A Church, R Worters (Canterbury), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), F A Carter (Maldon), W A Barnard, H B Hurford, G Joicey, Hereward, J F Moon, E W Burnell (Shepton Mallet), L Clarke (York), Eldred E Jungerich (Geneva), W David (Cardiff), Dr. F St. J W Scott (Newark), J C Ireland, M A Eyre (Dedham), F Glanville, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), J Dixon, Ubique, Shadforth, Sorrento, W R Raillem, H S Brandreth, Z Ingold (Frampton), F G Webb (Newbury), G T Hughes (Athy), H B Byrnes (Torquay), E E H, T G (Ware), Edwin Fox (Brentwood), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), E B Foord, Alpha, and J Hopkinson (Norwich).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2633.—By MISS LILIAN BAIRD.

WHITE. 1. Kt to Kt 2nd 2. Kt to B 4th 3. B or Kt mates accordingly.

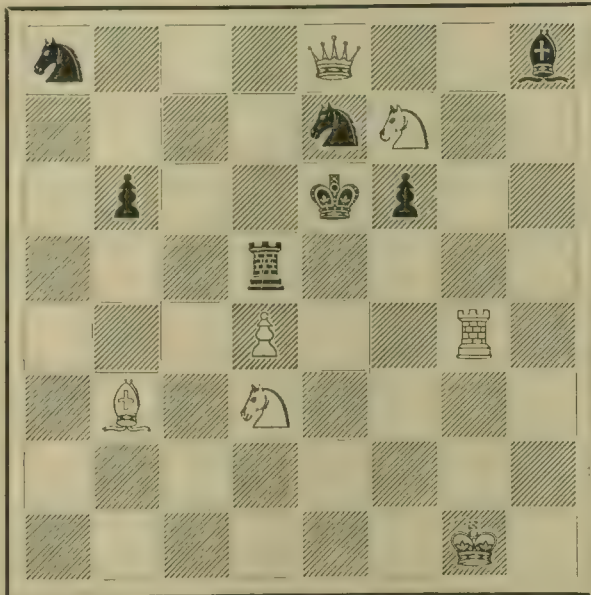
BLACK. K takes P K takes Kt, or moves

If Black play 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Kt to B 7th, K to Q 3rd or to K B 5th; 3. Kt or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2636.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Leipzig Tournament between Mr. BLACKBURNE and Dr. SEUFFERT.

(Evans Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Kt to Kt 2nd	Q to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	18. P to B 3rd	K to Kt 2nd
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	19. Q to Q sq	Q to R 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd		
		20. Q to K sq	B to Q 2nd
5. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	21. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
6. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	22. Q to K 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	Castles	23. B to Q 5th	P to K R 4th
8. Q to Kt 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. Kt (at Q 2) to B 4	P to R 5th
9. B to K Kt 5th	Q to K 2nd	25. Kt takes Kt	P takes P
10. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q sq	26. Kt takes B	
		27. Kt to B 5th (ch)	K to B 3rd
11. Castles (K R)	Kt to K 3rd	28. P takes P	
12. B to K 3rd	Kt to R 4th		
13. B takes B			
		29. K to Kt 2nd	R to R sq
14. P to Kt 3rd	P takes B	30. P takes Kt	Kt to B 5th (ch)
		31. K to B 2nd	Kt takes P (ch)
		32. K to K sq	R to R 7th (ch)
		33. K takes R	R takes Q (ch)
		34. R to B 2nd	R to R sq
		35. P to R 5th	P to Kt 3rd
		36. R takes P	P takes P
			R to R 8th

Black wins.

Steinitz v. Lasker Match, with Comments, Review, and Original Notes. By H. E. Bird. (George Bell and Co., London.)—This is a collection of the games in the latest match for the championship, with notes in Mr. Bird's well-known style. They are always interesting, sometimes humorous, and never without point. He has admiration for the winner, and sticks to his belief in the merits of the loser, and the chief fault he finds is the slowness of the play. But that is only saying the critic is Mr. Bird.

The Metropolitan Chess Club has removed to Mullen's Hotel, Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, E. C., where it obtains better accommodation than before. The committee have arranged a series of fixtures with Mr. Gunsberg for the benefit of all members during the coming season.

A chess club is proposed to be formed under the name of the Maida Vale Chess Club at the Bayswater Jewish Schools, Harrow Road, on Saturday, Oct. 6, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Carslake W. Wood, on retiring from the secretaryship of the Plymouth Chess Club, which he has held since its formation, six years ago, was presented by the members with a handsome solid gold pen and pencil-case, suitably inscribed. His successor is Mr. W. Richard.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

It is a little too early for much fashion news, but the tendencies of the immediate future are becoming apparent. Thus, it is already certain that the practice so popular in the summer of wearing a skirt of one sort and a blouse-bodice of another will remain in fashion for the winter. Velvet bodices will be worn with cloth skirts, and silk blouses with velvet skirts. The great difficulty in this style of how to keep the bodice from gaping in an ugly way from the gatherings of the skirt at the back has been settled by French common-sense. It is now universal in France, with dresses of this kind, openly to pin the bodice to the skirt through the belt at the back by means of a great safety-pin. The belt is always of ribbon, sometimes plainly laid round the waist, sometimes folded, sometimes with sash-ends hanging to the feet, sometimes without; but in any case there is the great safety-pin, as long as the middle finger, and in either silver or gold-washed metal, as may suit the general colouring of the dress best, openly attaching the two parts of the garment one to the other.

Revers, as well as big sleeves, are to stay for the present. Huge epaulettes resting above the wide sleeve-tops are also to be used largely, and lace ones will be put on velvet and on face cloth, as well as on silk. In a smart gown just made there is a blouse bodice of lime-green velvet, with a full centre of silk in much the same shade, the waistbelt being of velvet covered with guipure sparingly picked out with jet paillettes, and epaulettes of the same jet-worked lace fall from the shoulder-line over the wide sleeves. The skirt is of plain face cloth, trimmed round a few inches above the foot with a line of sable, and the same fur trims down either side of the silk vest, dividing it from the velvet. At the back of the neck in a wide velvet bow, that shows from the front view. Such a wide neckbow appearing behind the shoulders is often seen, and alternatively many of the new dresses have a pleating or gathered frill at the two sides of the neck. The neckband is of silk, prettily folded to the width of the collar, and made some inches longer than the collar, the extra length being taken up and gathered evenly at either side, so as to make a pleating under each ear, standing out over the shoulder, or a rosette is made for the same position. With a black or dark self colour dress half-a-dozen different coloured or shaded neckbands and waistbelts are often sent, so as to give variety.

What will my White Ribbon friends say to the following suggestion that has reached me from a correspondent? "In thanking you for your interesting and valuable article on the feeding of infants, may I inquire if you know the beneficial effects of a little brandy added to the food in some cases? It is a great restorative for weak children; two teaspoonfuls in twenty-four hours added to the food proved of the greatest benefit in two cases where children were given over by the medical men—one could not walk at two years old, and both are now grown healthy and strong." I am not prepared to endorse this suggestion, and it would take a good deal of despair to induce me to give brandy regularly to a little baby. But I pass the information on for consideration.

An "Anti-Corset League" is the latest idea. The only name known to the public that is published in connection with it is that of Madame Antoinette Sterling. It is a little surprising that she should seem to aspire to lead the opinion of other women on fashion. A truly good example of a non-corset wearing woman is Madame Nordica, who is as smart and handsome and well-dressed-looking as possible. She told me herself that she does not wear stays. I do not feel interested in the "Anti-Corset League"; first, because it is quite needless, for neither laws nor imperative customs interfere with any woman quietly leaving off or greatly modifying those instruments of torture; next, because the League's proposed teachings are unnecessary, for doctors have fulminated against the unnatural compression of the waist till it is quite certain that any woman who injures herself in that way does so "sinning against knowledge"; and thirdly, because this new league loudly proclaims on its programme that it is set against "eccentricity." Why, the very idea of being a reformer without being eccentric! This was the rock of stumbling to the Dress Reform League founded several years ago by Viscountess Harberton. Its chief struggle was to invent some form of dress that should be essentially unlike the average and ordinary female frock, and yet should still look exactly like the ordinary dress, and not be detected as anything else. No, no; this is not the spirit of the reformer. That says proudly and firmly, "I do differ from the majority, and it is I who am right, and the rest of you are wrong, and I will not say otherwise though you burn me or rack me or ostracise me for it." Hear, for example, Martin Luther, the very type and model of a reformer: "If God shall call me" (that means, if he in his own mind is persuaded that he ought) "to go to Wittenberg, I will go, though it should rain Duke Georges all the way, and each of them were ten times as fierce as the real one." That is the spirit in which reforms are begun, whether in great matters or small ones.

The fact is, my young friends, it is an extremely uncomfortable undertaking to try to reform anything. For your own comfort and advantage you should avoid the enterprise. It is dangerous to attempt to correct the errors of even your private friends; you will hardly be forgiven for hinting that any individual had better do, speak, or think differently from his existing practice. It is even more perilous to attack a social usage to which the vast majority of your contemporaries are accustomed. Before the enterprise has been carried far, the poor reformer is likely to cry wearily, "O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!" or, to quote our typical reformer, Luther, again, "Many think that I am treading on roses—God knows what is in my heart. May the Lord quickly take me hence. Forty years more of this life—I would not purchase Paradise at such a price." This is what reforming will bring you to, so avoid it altogether if you will, my dears of the Anti-Corset League, but do not suppose that you can run with the hare of reform and hunt with the hounds of conformity. The Koran says: "Every new law is an innovation, every innovation is an error, every error leads to hell fire!" and a considerable majority of society is more or less deliberately of the same opinion.



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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 20, 1894) of Mr. Thomas Briggs, of Manchester, manufacturer and merchant, and of "Hazel-slack," Broughton Park, near Manchester, who died on July 6, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 14 by Thomas Ellis Briggs, the son, Robert Ferguson Miller, and Edward Neep, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £166,000. The testator gives his residence Hazelslack, with the furniture and effects, and £1200 per annum during widowhood, to his wife, Mrs. Emily Briggs; £1000 to her for the education of his infant children, Emily, Ella, Hilda, and Nelly, and he appoints her guardian of his infant children during their respective minorities; his works at Richmond Hill and Springfield Lane, Salford, with the lands forming the sites thereof or held therewith, to his son Thomas Ellis; and £500 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children, whether by his first or present marriages, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1879), with six codicils, of the Right Hon. Charles Stewart, Viscount Hardinge, of South Park, Penshurst, Kent, who died on July 28, was proved on Sept. 25 by Henry Hardinge Samuel Cunyngame, the executor, and Henry Charles Viscount Hardinge, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £91,000. The testator gives legacies to his executors, housekeeper, and valet, and there are some specific bequests to children. He bequeaths his pictures, "Night" and "Morning," by Sir E. Landseer, and some other articles, to go as heirlooms with the South Park estate; all the remainder of his furniture, plate, pictures, books, household effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to the person who shall succeed at his death to the settled estate; £10,000, upon trust, for his son, Henry Charles, until January 1900, and then, subject to a trust for accumulation for twenty-one years after his (testator's) death, to go with the settled estate; and certain stocks, upon trust, for his daughter, Lavinia. He sets out that sums of £6500 have been covenanted to be paid by him, at his death, under the marriage settlements of several of his children, but these sums are to be brought into hotchpot on the division of the residue. All his real estate he devises to the person who shall succeed at his death to the settled estate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to all his children, except his eldest son, who succeeds to the settled estate, in equal shares.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated June 27, 1888) of Mr. David Lindsay Coates, of Clonallon Strandtown, County Down, who died on May 26, granted to Mrs. Sarah Coates, the widow, and William Frederick

Coates, the son, the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £55,000. The testator bequeaths all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, articles of household use or ornament, horses, carriages, wines, consumable stores and farming stock, and £250 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to one fourth for his wife, and as to three fourths for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Dec. 7, 1893), with a codicil (dated March 12, 1894), of Miss Adeline Ellen Eliza Harding, of The Grove, Lymington, Hants, who died on Aug. 30, was proved on Sept. 22 by Major Francis Douglas Lumley, the nephew, one of the executors; the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths her books, plate, pictures, and china, with a few exceptions, to go as heirlooms with her residence, The Grove; and her wines, linen, furniture, with one or two exceptions, household effects, horses and carriages, to her nephew, Major Lumley. She appoints the estate of her late brother, Major-General Francis Pym Harding, to her nephews Francis Douglas Lumley, William Frederick Pym, Harry Lockyer Reginald Pym, Francis Harding Pym, and Samuel Arnett Pym, in equal shares. Her property The Grove, except two fields, she devises to the use of her said nephew Major F. D. Lumley for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. As to the residue of her property, she gives one moiety to the said Major Lumley; and the other moiety to the said Mr. W. F. Pym, Mr. H. L. R. Pym, Mr. F. H. Pym, and Mr. S. A. Pym in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated June 18, 1891) of Mrs. Matilda Sarah Cooke, of 46, Maida Vale, who died on July 7, were proved on Sept. 24 by John Smith Swarder, Thomas William Pelham Lawrence, F.R.C.S., and William Howard Gray, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £33,000. The testatrix bequeaths £300 each to the Cancer Hospital (Brompton) and University College Hospital; £100 each to the Hertford Infirmary and the Elizabethan Stift, Barmherzigen Schwestern; the Alice Hospital, and the Armen Verein, all of Darmstadt; £50 each to the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street), the Hospital for Consumption (Ventnor), the British Home for Incurables (Clapham), the Royal Sea Bathing Infirmary (Margate), the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children (Lower Seymour Street), and the Society for Free Education in the East; and other legacies. The residue of her property is divided between sixteen cousins.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1892) of Mr. George Frederick

Augustus Drew, Deputy Inspector-General, R.N., of Highfield Hartley, Plymouth, who died on June 22, was proved on Sept. 19 by Miss Ellen Kate Bond and Miss Rosa Anna Bond, the acting executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £23,000. The testator leaves all his real and personal estate in trust for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 30, 1891) of Comte Edoardo Cahen, Marquis di Torre Alfina, of the Palazzo Torlonia, Rome, who died on May 3, was proved in London on Sept. 19 by Count Rodolfo Cahen, Marquis di Torre Alfina, the son, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £15,000. The testator bequeaths 10,000 lire to the poor of Rome, half Israelites and half Catholics; and legacies to daughter-in-law, sister-in-law, secretary, servants, and others. He does not appoint any executor or residuary legatee.

The will (dated Feb. 14, 1876), with two codicils (dated Jan. 11, 1877, and Nov. 21, 1884), of Mrs. Marianne Stoddart Booty, of 40, Belsize Park, who died on March 3 at Folkestone, was proved on Sept. 14 by William Henry Miles Booty, Francis Charles Stoddart Say Booty, and Charles Frederick Booty, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £11,000. The beneficiaries under the will are testatrix's children.

The will (dated July 5, 1894) of Captain Alan Brodrick Thomas, C.B., R.N., of Heathlands, Hook Heath, Woking, who died on Aug. 17 at Weston Park, Steyning, Sussex, was proved on Sept. 22 by Geoffrey Holt Stilwell, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £4000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all his furniture, effects, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock to his wife, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Thomas. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves upon trust, for his wife, for life, then for his children in equal shares; and in default of children for his brother Charles Inigo Thomas, his wife and children.

The winter work at Toynbee Hall has once more commenced. Happily, Canon Barnett and his energetic wife are still able to devote almost the same amount of interest as before the reverend gentleman accepted a canonry of Bristol Cathedral. The list of lecturers is extremely attractive, many men of eminence who are rarely seen on public platforms kindly promising their presence at Toynbee Hall. For students who desire quiet residence, with intellectual avenues around them, Balliol and Wadham Houses may be heartily recommended. They are connected with Toynbee Hall, and are situated only three minutes' walk from the main thoroughfare into the City.



HOW DO YOU SPELL SOAP DEAR?  
WHY MA, PEAR'S OF COURSE!

## Caution to Parents.

THE delicate Skin of Infants and Children is particularly liable to injury from coarse and unrefined Toilet Soap, which is commonly adulterated with the most pernicious ingredients; hence frequently the irritability, redness, and blotchy appearance of the Skin from which many children suffer. It should be remembered that

### ARTIFICIALLY COLOURED SOAPS ARE FREQUENTLY POISONOUS,

particularly the Red, Blue, and Green varieties; and nearly all Toilet Soaps contain an excess of Soda. White Soaps, such as "Curd," usually contain much more soda than others, owing to the use of cocoa nut oil, which makes a bad, strongly alkaline Soap, very injurious to the skin, besides leaving a disagreeable odour on it. The serious injury to children resulting from these Soaps often remains unsuspected in spite of Nature's warnings, until the unhealthy and irritable condition of the skin has developed into some unsightly disease, not infrequently baffling the skill of the most eminent Dermatologists.

## PEARS' SOAP

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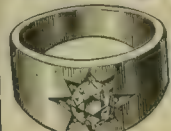
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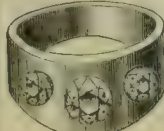
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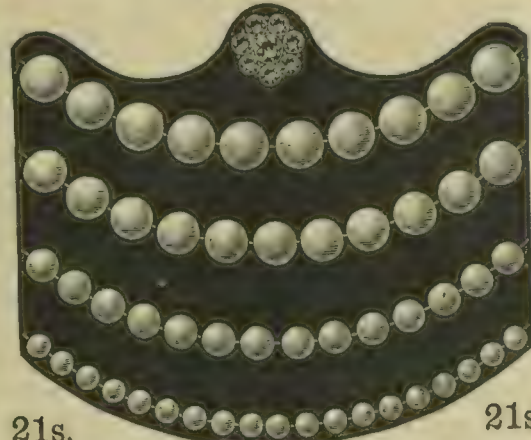
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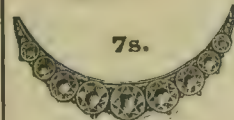
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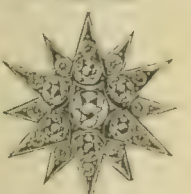


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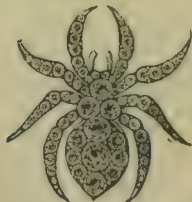
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The novelist and the dramatist will never agree, for their respective arts differ and their objects are distinct and separate. It is the art of the novelist to spread out, to suggest, to elaborate, and to analyse. It is the art of the dramatist to concentrate and to serve up the marrow and pith of human life, and both experience and observation boiled down to a sentence or an epigram. Sometimes, but rarely, the descriptive and dramatic gifts are combined. They were in our own time by both Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade. They are, if I mistake not, in Hall Caine. But after a long and anxious experience both Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade discovered that there was only one way to dramatise a novel, and that was to write the drama first and expand it into a novel. In good time Hall Caine will, doubtless, see the value of this good advice and experience. I could have wished he had taken this course in connection with his fine, stirring, and dramatic novel, "The Manxman." There are only two countries in the world in which Hall Caine's novel "The Manxman" could be satisfactorily dramatised in its entirety. One is China and the other Japan. In China they would have spun out the play into a week's holiday; in Japan it would have been welcomed as a long day's dramatic picnic. In China they live in a theatre for a week; in Japan they feast in the playhouse for a day. It would be marvellous indeed if any dramatisation of a book

so rich in dramatic matter as "The Manxman" wholly satisfied either the author, who naturally loves his own creations and his best bits, or the reader of the book, who, steeped in the romance, would not willingly sacrifice one scene or character. But I maintain, for all that, that Mr. Wilson Barrett has done his work remarkably well. Mr. Wilson Barrett's play contains at least three very fine scenes indeed, and he exercised his wise judgment and experience in substituting a most striking triple exit, with an empty stage for a conclusion, instead of the apotheosis of re-marriage after divorce, which would have been a risky experiment if the play is to be submitted to the general public all over the world. To have concluded the book as the author has concluded it would, to the unenlightened, have looked like the coronation of the correspondent, and the reward of double infidelity, faithlessness to husband and to bosom friend; for the stage puts a different complexion on a simple circumstance than a book does. You cannot explain in a play—you only show; and scenes like the exit from the prison are liable to be misunderstood and misinterpreted. I must own, however, that in the play I missed, at the outset, that which is the essential keynote of the human drama, the intense devotion of Pete to Philip—the almost Biblical love of the two men. I missed also, again at the outset, the accentuation of the exact position of Kate between the secret rivals. To my mind, there was not much value in making Pete the hero, whereas Philip Christian is incontestably the prominent figure in the drama, be it novel or play.

In dramatising Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," Arthur Dimsdale must be the pivot of the play. You cannot get away from it. And had Philip been made the dramatic essence of the work, as unquestionably he is, with him, as the principal figure, would have come the court scene, and the Deemster's confession, which is the very climax of the human tragedy. I know of few actors of the first moment who would not prefer to play Philip to Pete, for though Pete gets his fine scene in the return of Kate to her neglected child, nothing can excel in dignity and dramatic significance the scene where Philip strips himself of his honour and dignities as a whited sepulchre before his fellow-men. In fact, Dimsdale, Matthias, Dean Maitland, and Philip Christian are all of the same dramatic pattern. And when are we to see "The Manxman" in London, and who is to play it when we do? Mr. Barrett will shortly be off to America with the play, and we cannot afford to wait until he returns.

All who love a good laugh should hurry to see Mr. Arthur Roberts as Claude Duval. Never before has he shown himself to be such a consummate artist and comedian. As a general rule, I detest comic actors in petticoats, but there is no rule without its exception. I wish some of the present generation could have seen James Rogers, of the Strand—"dismal Jemmy," as he used to be called—attired as the Widow Melnotte in a burlesque of "The Lady of Lyons." There was no offence in that. Nor is there the slightest objection to Mr. Penley as the old woman in "Charley's Aunt." In the same artistic way,



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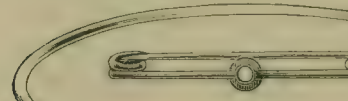
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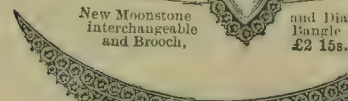
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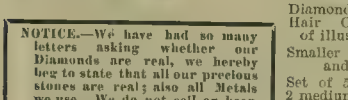
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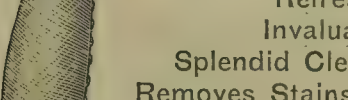
Diamond Brooch or Hair Ornament, size of illustration, £30. Smaller sizes, £25 10s. and £17 15s.



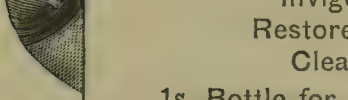
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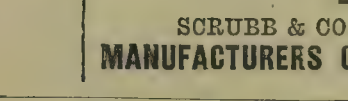
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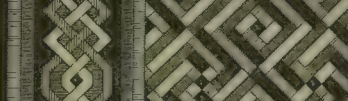
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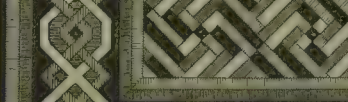
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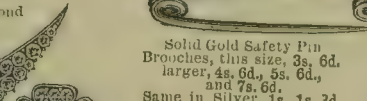
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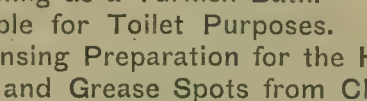
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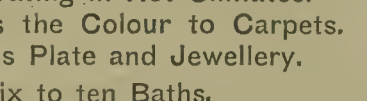
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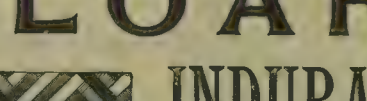
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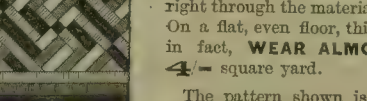
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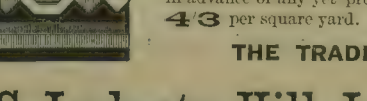
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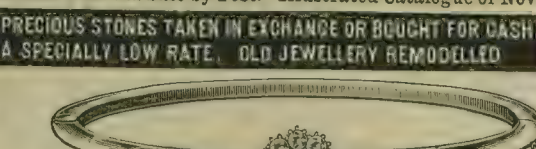
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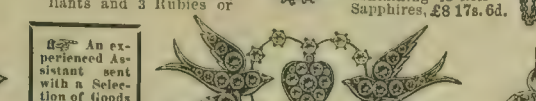
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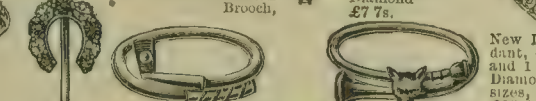
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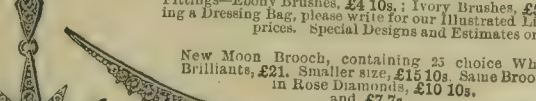
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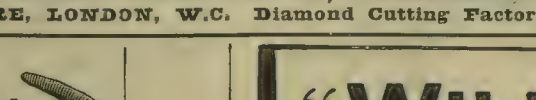
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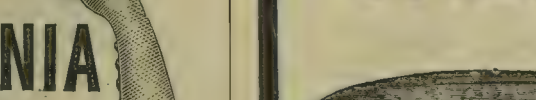
New Bar Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, and 14 Brilliants, £5 5s.



New Bar Brooch, 3 Rubies or Sapphires, 2 whole Pearls, 16 Rose Diamonds, and 6 Brilliants, £5 5s.



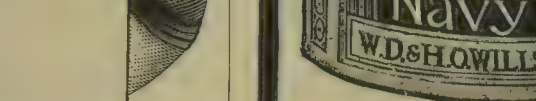
New Registered pattern Ornament, Brilliants and whole Pearls. Forms Brooch, Comb, or Head-piece, £37 10s.



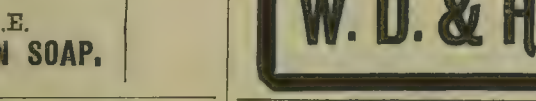
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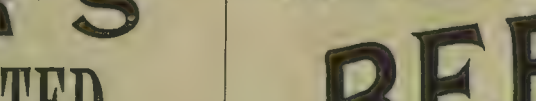
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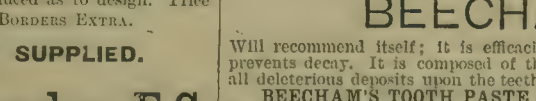
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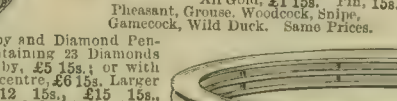
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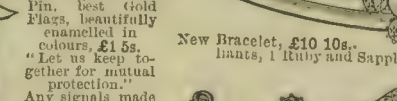
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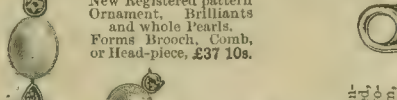
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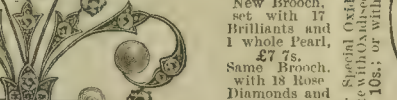
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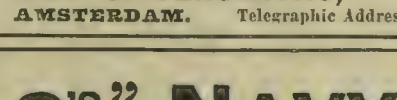
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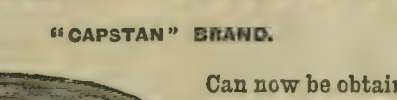
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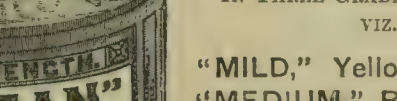
New Registered pattern Ornament, Brilliants and whole Pearls. Forms Brooch, Comb, or Head-piece, £37 10s.



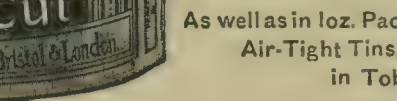
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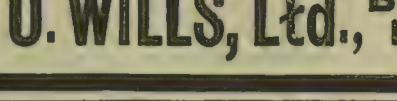
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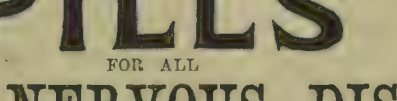
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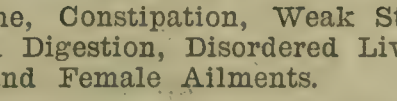
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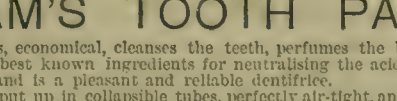
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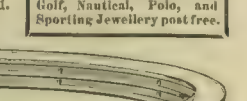
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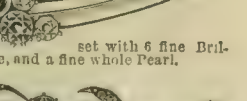
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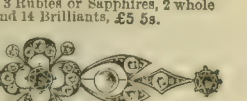
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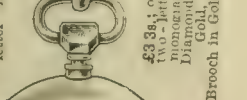
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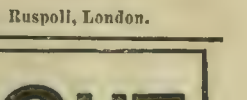
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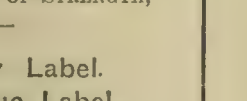
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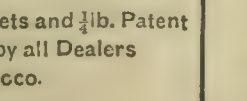
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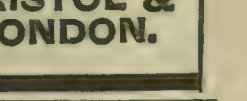
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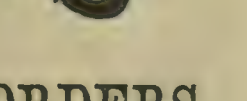
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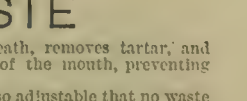
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absolution can freely be given to Mr. Arthur Roberts for his amusing barmaid and his chattering lady of society.

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The American variety play, "A Trip to Chinatown," at Toole's Theatre, will go better when it has more fun squeezed into it. When I was in Chicago, I saw the play, as it is called, and it amused us all very much—I presume because it contained inside it an excellent variety entertainment. If I were Mr. Terriss, I should revise the musical programme, recruit the force of the singers, and make the play popular. If all were as good as Miss Clara Jecks, there would be nothing much to complain about. But clever and bright as she is, she cannot personally conduct "A Trip to Chinatown."

## OBITUARY.

SIR WILLIAM RIDLEY CHARLES COOKE, BART.

Sir William Ridley Charles Cooke, of Wheatley Hall, Doncaster, in the County of York, D.L., Baronet, died on Sept. 27. He was born Oct. 5, 1827. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Captain in the 7th Hussars. He was twice married. He succeeded his father, the eighth Baronet, in 1851, and is succeeded by his eldest son, William Henry Charles Wemyss. The new Baronet was born June 21, 1872.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Right Hon. William Henry Ford Cogan, who represented County Kildare as a Liberal from 1852 to 1880, on Sept. 27. He had been a member of the Irish Privy Council since 1866, and was High Sheriff of Wicklow in 1863.

The Rev. John Card Jenkins, for the last twenty-one years Chaplain of the Church of the Resurrection, Brussels, recently.

Dr. Joseph G. Greenwood, who was Principal of Owens College, Manchester, for many years, and Vice-Chancellor of the Victoria University until 1889, on Sept. 25, aged seventy-two. He occupied the chair of

classics and history at Owens College for nearly forty years, and was an excellent administrator and scholar.

Admiral Arthur Mellersh, C.B., on Sept. 23, aged eighty-two.

Rev. G. Hawkins, Bishop in, and General Superintendent of, the British Methodist Episcopal Church of Canada, recently. He was born in slavery in South America, and escaped to Canada. In 1891 he visited Great Britain, and told the thrilling story of his life to many audiences.

Herr Peter Schott, last surviving male member of the well-known music-publishing firm, on Sept. 27.

Mr. George Melly, D.L., for some years Liberal M.P. for Stoke, on Sept. 27, aged sixty-four.

Lord Haddon, eldest son of the Marquis of Granby, and heir-presumptive to the Duke of Rutland, on Sept. 28, aged nine years. The cause of his death, which occurred at Hatley Cockayne, Bedfordshire, was exhaustion following an operation.

Mr. Launt Thompson, who had a high reputation in the United States as a sculptor, on Sept. 28, aged sixty-one.

Sir Sanford Freeling, K.C.M.G., who held at different periods the Governorship of Dominica, Grenada, Windward Isles, the Gold Coast, and Trinidad. He was sixty six years old.

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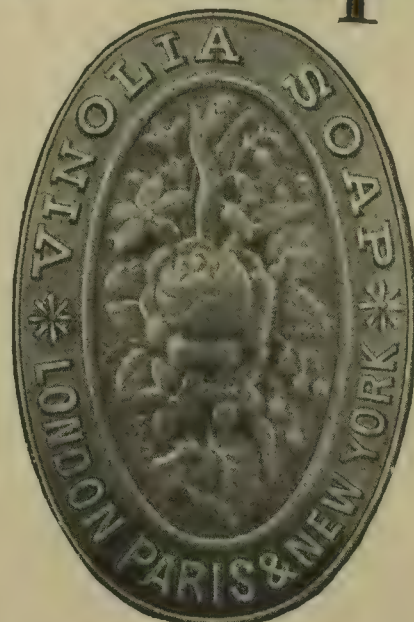
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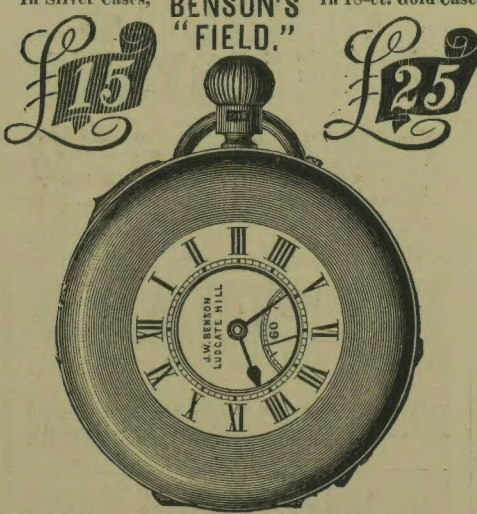
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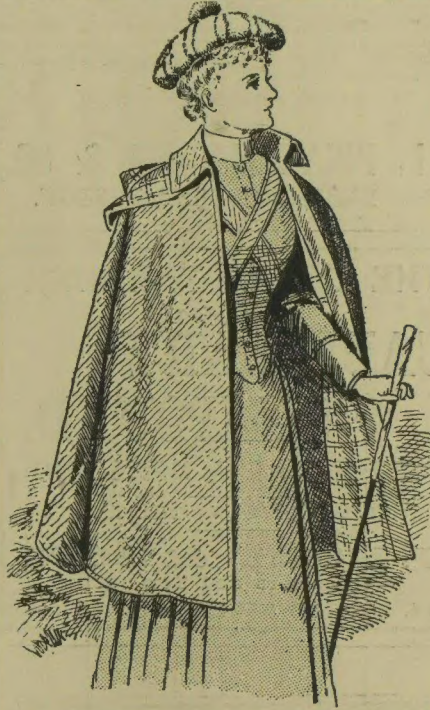
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The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montbazon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ray Blas," with M. de Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jélin, Saléza and Fabrice; "Le Sonambule," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyla and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyla; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment," and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Eiven, M. Queyla, and M. Boudouresque fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francis Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steck.

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Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias; of the Institute, Bartholdi, Burne-Jones, Carls, Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

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## BROADWOOD, £10; Broadwood, £14 10s.;

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"The most perfect-fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of Purchasing Shirts of the Best Quality should try FORD'S EUREKA.

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30s., 40s., the half-dozen. Celebrated for Fit, Durability, and Appearance. All double stitched. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

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## SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH

Evermade at the price. THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, Strong Keyless Action, in Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5. A neat and elegant Watch for Gentlemen's Wear. Thousands have been sold.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

In purchasing the historic Highland estate of Glencoe, Sir Donald Smith has only returned to his native land. He is as patriotic a Scotsman as the Dominion of Canada contains, and there are few things of which he is prouder than the fact of his Morayshire birth and descent. Still it was Canada and not Scotland that brought the new owner of Glencoe his wealth and fame. He left Scotland early in life to serve the Hudson's Bay Company at lonely northern posts, and when the immense North-Western Territories, which Charles II. with lavish liberality handed over to the company, passed under the control of the Dominion Government, Sir Donald had a large share in inaugurating responsible government. It was, however, in the railway development of those days that he acquired wealth. James Hill, George Stephen (now Lord Mount-Stephen), and Donald Smith are the three names with which the creation of the Great Northern system of the Western States will always be associated; and when, in 1884, a parallel line was built upon Canadian territory reaching from Atlantic to Pacific,

under the name of the Canadian Pacific line, Sir Donald Smith was one of its chief promoters as he is now one of its most powerful supporters. Canada never had a more munificent friend of education than Sir Donald Smith, and quite recently he has included the East-End of London in the sphere of his generosity.

The French scientific and medical world is just now much interested in the researches and discoveries made by a certain Dr. Roux on the causes and effects of diphtheria and throat diseases, especially croup. M. Roux is a disciple and co-worker of M. Pasteur. He entered the latter's laboratory some fifteen years ago, long before the existence of the Pasteur Institute, and owes his introduction to the great scientist to M. Velpeau. M. Roux soon made up his mind to retire from practice, and from that time has devoted his whole mind to scientific and pathological inquiry.

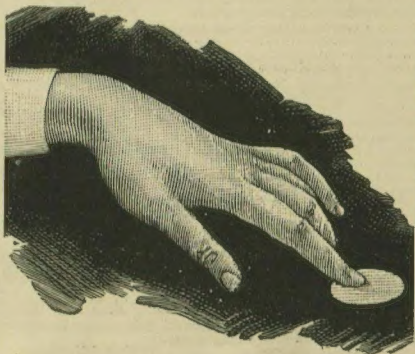
Anyone who can offer a practical suggestion for saving the temper and the pockets of others is deserving of public gratitude. There are few persons of either sex who have not experienced the uncomfortable sensation of having

their necks and wrists irritated by frayed collars and cuffs—to say nothing of unsightliness and waste of money in getting the articles replaced long before the proper time. And yet the remedy is always at hand. It is not entirely the poor laundress that works the havoc, but usually the mischievous stuff that is used for treating the fine linen. Mr. R. S. Hudson, of Bank Hall, Liverpool (a household name), is making it known throughout the land that he will send free to any applicant simple and easy directions for preserving collars and cuffs from destruction, and making linen beautifully clean, white, and sweet; and he not only supplies this valuable information, but forwards gratis the wherewithal for a practical test. Such an invitation, involving no expense and much saving, is not likely to be passed over by any lover of economy.

The gold medal and diploma of honour at the Antwerp Exhibition have been awarded to Mr. John Carter, of New Cavendish Street, London, for the general excellence of his exhibit, especially for his ambulances.

## Homocea

Touches the SPOT in  
Every Case.



ONLY quite recently has this marvellous remedy been before the public. During this short time the marvellous cures that have been effected, and the shoals of important testimonials that have been received, have been absolutely unprecedented in the history of the world.

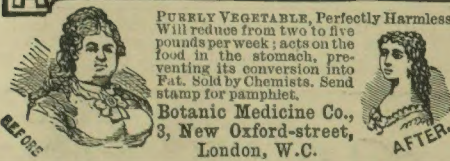
## Homocea

forms a medicine chest in itself, and is absolutely invaluable in every household.

To give a complete list of the uses of this marvellous ointment would occupy far too much space: Homocea is an infallible cure for Rheumatism, Convulsions, Strained Muscles, Toothache, Faceache, Neuralgia, Eczema, Pains in the Joints, Chilblains, Burns, Aches and Sprains, Cuts, Piles, Boils, Ulcers, and Stings.

Homocea is sold by dealers in medicine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box; or can be had direct from the Homocea Co., 21, Hamilton Square, Birkenhead, post free, 1s. 3d. and 3s. Postal Orders preferred. Hooper, Chemist, 43, King William Street, London Bridge, sells it.

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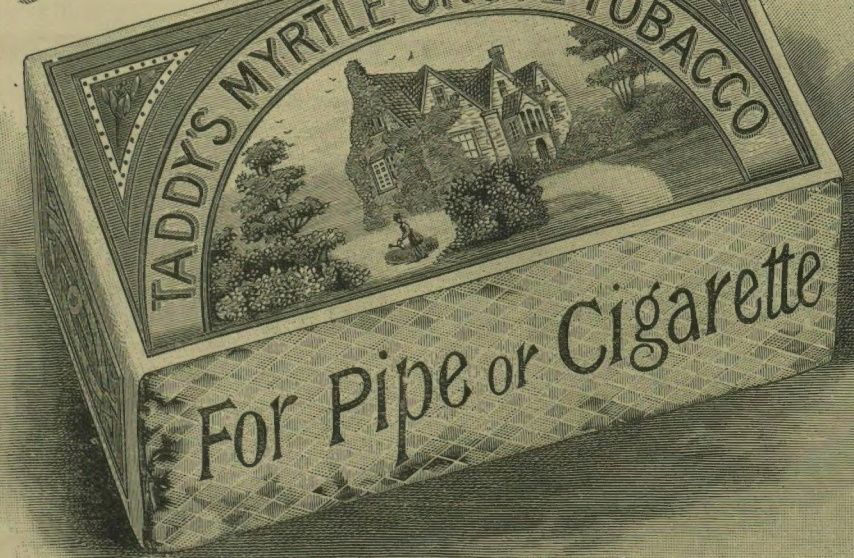
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ED. PINAUD'S QUININE WATER  
The world-renowned hair tonic; prevents the hair from falling off.

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Sold by all First-class Perfumers.  
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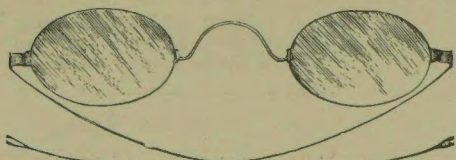


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MANUFACTURED FROM SELECTED LEAF, AND  
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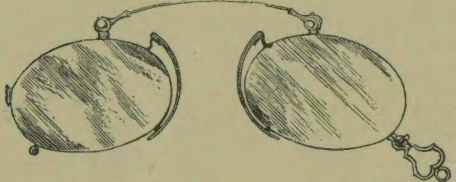


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Carefully adapted to any sight, a Register of which is  
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## VOGELER'S CURATIVE COMPOUND

Purifies and enriches the blood, by  
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"My daughter suffered terribly with  
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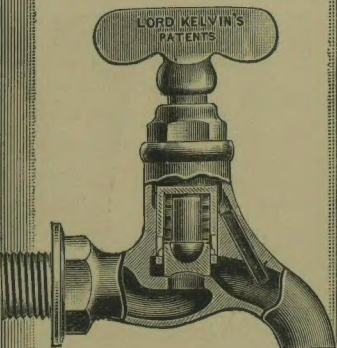
We now recommend your invaluable  
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Bury, Lanc."

If Mrs. Relland had used the Com-  
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warning!—don't wait until after the  
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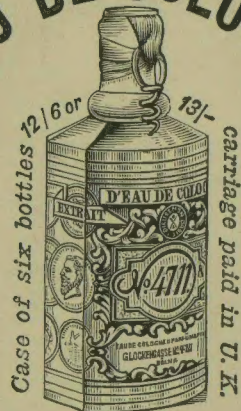


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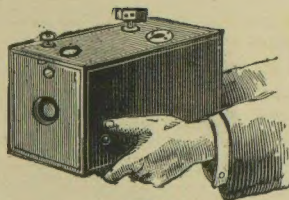
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Do you wonder that despair  
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Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure.

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Have earned the title Skin Specifics,  
Because for years they have met with most remark-  
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There are cases that they cannot cure, but they  
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The choicest-roasted nibs (broken-up beans) of the  
natural Cocoa on being subjected to powerful hydraulic  
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finely-flavoured powder—"Cocoaine," a product which,  
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of which it is now beneficially taking the place with many.  
Its active principle being a gentle nerve-stimulant, supplies  
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Sold in packets and tins, labelled:

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They at once check the cough  
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One gives relief they will cure,  
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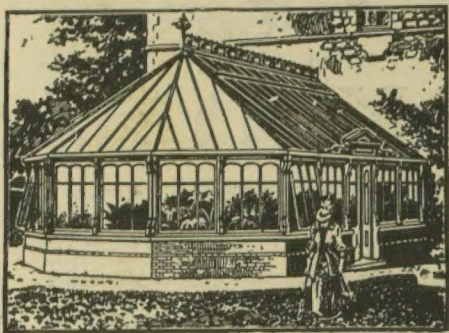
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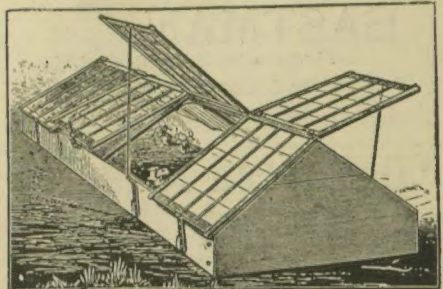


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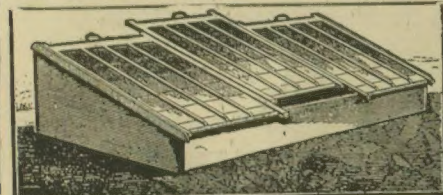
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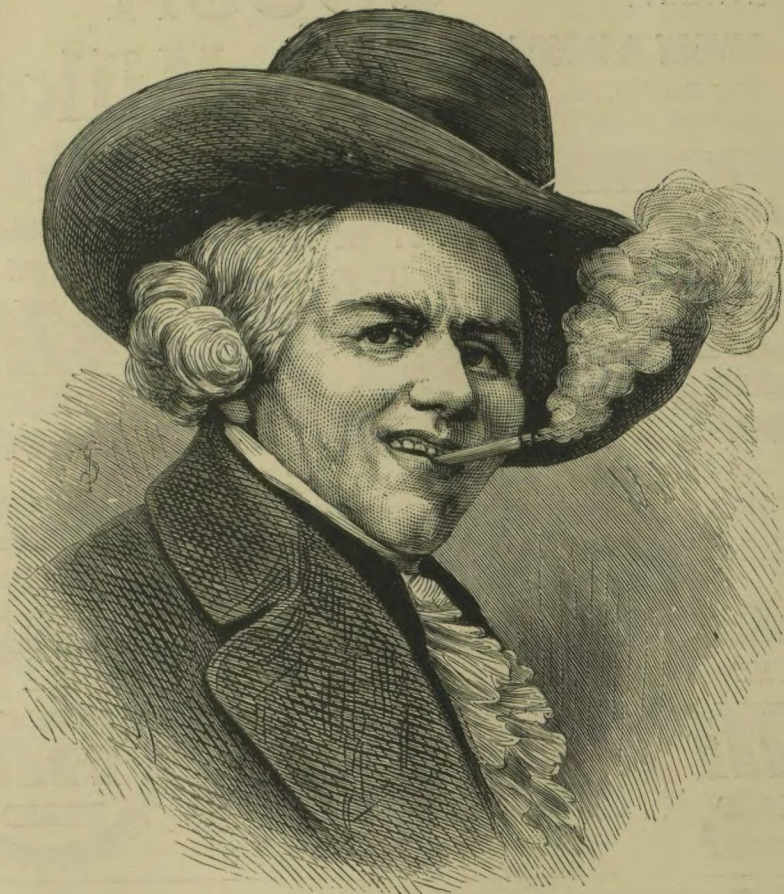


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